

August, 1939

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# *The* Liguorian



University Education  
C. D. McEnniry

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What is the Bible  
E. A. Mangan

•

Pius X  
S. McKenna

•

From the Stage to God (III)  
A. T. Zeller

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## AMONGST OURSELVES

For most of us August is the last month of the summer — the last month of the summer in this that September means getting back to work, seeing that the children are ready for school, and in a sense beginning once more a new year. It might be a good idea for us to take stock of ourselves during this month in order to find out whether or not we were the success we wanted ourselves to be, in fact, expected ourselves to be in the course of the past eleven months. Have we been Catholics in the true sense of the word? Have we read Catholic literature and seen to it that our children read Catholic literature instead of the filth and obscenity that flooded so many news stands and unfortunately so many homes? Have we receive the Sacraments regularly? Have we participated in the activities of our parish? Let August be not only a tapering off of vacation; let it also be a month of examination.

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### The Liguorian

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***SALVE REGINA***

**M. J. Huber**

Hail Queen! Our sweetest Mother!  
We greet thee with our prayer.  
Our life, our hope, our sweetness!  
Our mother, chaste and fair!

We, exiled Eva's children,  
Send up our sighs and tears;  
For in this vale of weeping  
We live in constant fears.

O advocate of Christians!  
Most gracious, mild and sweet,  
Look down with tender mercy  
On us kneeling at thy feet.

O clement, loving, Mary,  
Thou, the Mother of our God,  
Take thou our hands and lead us  
On the paths that Jesus trod.



# FATHER TIM CASEY

## UNIVERSITY EDUCATION

C. D. McENNERY

FATHER CASEY had been asked in to settle a question that was splitting the Monogue household from end to end. Said household operated on a democratic basis, and, like all democracies, was hard put to in arriving at a decision on weighty problems. True, from time to time, when the interminable democratic squabbling got into his hair, Mr. Michael Monogue proclaimed a dictatorship and told the family what was what. Unfortunately for the success of his totalitarian regime, his good wife, while agreeing that the crisis called for a dictatorship, constituted herself the dictator and told the family the direct opposite. The affair generally ended in a flood of tears from one of the children, which made that child dictator for the time being—and a gradual return to democratic processes.

"You see it's like this, Father Tim, the wife here, who by rights ought to be the first to promote the Christian education of the children, is all for packing Emmet off to this godless state university."

"Shame on you, Mike! Making such a false charge against me to the priest. I am simply insisting that our only son must at all costs have the benefit of a university training. I know Father Casey will agree with me. Isn't he always maintaining that our Catholic young people must be given equal opportunities with all others to become leaders in the intellectual and social world?"

Father Casey glanced at the future "leader in the intellectual and social world"—a freckle-faced lad, with a snub nose and a bellicose jaw, standing in the doorway, toying with a ragged baseball glove, more interested, for the moment, in the outcome of the discussion than in the game on the back lot.

"It seems to me," the priest began very deliberately, "it seems to me that there are still a few things Emmet Monogue might learn from the Brothers in St. Mary's School before there will be any urgency for selecting his university. Why let the family get all het up about what he is going to do several years from now? Wait till he has been graduated; then, if he still has the desire to pursue higher studies and the ability to profit by them, let —"

"Brother Mark says I got the 'bility, all right," Emmet contended. He was however honest enough to add: "If I'd only study. And I got the desire too, and always will have."

"You cannot tell, Emmet; you might change your mind later on, especially if your chums failed to go."

"Not me," he protested.

"Don't you remember, Emmet, last week you had made up your mind to become a prize fighter instead," Monica reminded him. Monica, being only two years his senior, knew him well — too well for his comfort.

"Shut up, Monica. Where are your manners!" snapped Mary Rose, the elder sister. "Emmet, close that screen. You are letting in all the flies on the block. It does seem like planning a long way ahead, Father," she explained, "but we have to do it. The decision must be made now because so many things depend on it: the course he will take with the Brothers, the school Monica will attend when she is finished here — even my job."

"I DON'T see why dad won't let me go to the state U," Emmet pouted. "Bert and Red are going. Their folks aren't making any howl about it, and they are just as good Catholics as we are. Why can't I go?"

"Yeah, and come home a stuffed shirt, with no more religion than sense." There was no doubt as to where Monica stood on the question.

Mary Rose had seen more of the world; and it *was* an attractive world to her nineteen summers. More than once, while listening to some "magnetic leader of men," she had dreamed of the future: the eminent lecturer, Mr. Emmet Monogue, standing on that same platform, swaying the multitude by voice and gesture. Naturally she did not risk spoiling him by communicating her dreams to that impudent, irresponsible youth who had just attained the unlovely age where he was a "pain in the neck while he was around and a pain in the heart when he was away."

"You know, Father," she said, "there is a Newman Club at the state university with a resident chaplain. And they say he takes such interest in the Catholic students."

"That at least is something — for those who insist on attending such a place," was Father Casey's not very encouraging answer.

"But with such help a good Catholic boy ought to be able to remain strong in his faith," she urged.

"A good Catholic boy *ought* to be able to remain strong in his faith anywhere. But the question is, will he? The place for a good Catholic boy is in a Catholic university."

"That is exactly what I have been telling them all along," Michael Monogue declared.

"But we cannot afford it. You know that very well, Mike," his wife retorted.

"Who knows — maybe the times will be better by then," he countered lamely.

"You keep saying that over and over ever since 1930. And every year they have been growing worse."

"The Catholic universities are not perfect either," Mary Rose contended. "Look at Mayor Bordoy. He is a product of a Catholic university — and a mighty poor recommendation for it, if even half the graft charges against him are true. And there are lots other Catholic university graduates just as bad as Bordoy too," she added.

"Who are some of them, Mary Rose?" the priest inquired.

"There's — there's — Oh, I cannot think of them now, but I know there are plenty."

"If they are so bad even after being trained in solid Christian principles, what would they have become in a university that instills no principles! Man has free will and can become a Judas even though trained in the school of Christ. But that is no argument for saying that he gets just about as good training in the school of Mammon as in the school of Christ. And why look only at Mayor Bordoy? Dr. Mahan is the product of a Catholic university. So too is our Congressman. So too is the District Attorney. Are they not Catholic gentlemen to be proud of? Of course you are correct in saying Catholic universities are not perfect — nothing is in this world — but they are good, and they are steadily growing better."

"And that is more than we can say for the state universities," Monogue supplemented.

"**W**HATEVER may be said of other state universities, we know our own, and we know that it constitutes a danger to the faith of every Catholic student, indeed to the faith of every Christian student, be he Catholic or Protestant. Three of the leading professors are atheistic communists; in the medical course, God is as completely excluded as

though He were a myth; the history course pretends to be so fair, yet subtly impresses upon the minds of the students a base caricature of the Catholic Church."

"But, Father, cannot the chaplain correct these false impressions?"

"What can one poor chaplain do against a score of brilliant professors? Besides he cannot be listening to all the lectures at the same time in order to discover the hidden poison and supply an antidote. And young men are unformed and impressionable. The words of a popular professor may carry far more weight with them than those of a priest."

"But have not our Catholic boys a right to a higher education even though they are too poor to pay the tuition in a Catholic university?"

"Whatever the rights, neither our Catholic nor our non-Catholic boys can acquire a real education at the university of this state. Even the professors, who want to contribute to their education, are not allowed to do so. Our university boasts of 'intellectual freedom.' The professors are not supposed to 'influence' the judgment of the students. Simply present all sides of all questions and leave each student to form his own conclusions."

"It sounds quite impartial, doesn't it?"

"Yes, but see what it means. All manner of systems and theories of philosophy, of morality, of sociology and economics are presented to the student, and he is left without any competent guide to do his own choosing. If he could choose safely and wisely, that would mean that he was already 'educated' and would have no need of a university. But the precise reason why he is sent to the university is because he is not yet educated. He is there to be educated: to be formed, to be trained in right thinking, to be grounded in solid principles which will enable him to face life and all its problems, secure of his stand, equipped with the mental ability to sift truth from falsehood, good from evil, right from wrong. A university is a place for education, formation, not a warehouse cluttered up with all the systems, sane or silly, that have ever been excogitated. The tragedy is that young men leave this university with minds, not educated but confused, totally unreliable to guide themselves or others. Brilliance of intellect only makes them more dangerous — blind leaders of the blind."

"Then Emmet must give up all hope of securing a university education." Mary Rose was disconsolate.

"The loss would not necessarily be irreparable. The mere fact of

having passed through a university is not an infallible guarantee of success even in a worldly way. Otherwise we should not find so many university graduates on the relief rolls. Would you risk his faith on such a doubtful chance?"

"I KNOW — I know," cried poor Mary Rose, "our holy faith is too precious a treasure to risk for anything in the world. And I will always be proud of my brother so long as he is a strong, manly Catholic, even if he has to dig ditches for a living, for he would be worth more to his home and his country than the most brilliant university graduate who had lost his faith or at least so dimmed it that it was no longer the guiding light of his life. But I had so hoped — . Oh, if we could only afford to send him to a Catholic university."

"Can you afford to send him to the state university? You do not imagine a young man can live on nothing for four or five years, especially in such surroundings and with such companions."

"That, Father, we should be able to do. I have figured it all out, and I know we could manage."

"Yes, and I would work every vacation and earn money for the next year," added Emmet.

"Listen, young man. If you are in real earnest, if you want to go to a university, not just because your chums are going and you anticipate a good time together, but because you want to fit yourself for a worthwhile career, if you have the backbone to make the required sacrifices and buckle down to hard work, then there is no reason why you cannot make arrangements to attend a Catholic university. It is true the Catholic university is not supported by taxes or by great endowments and must therefore collect tuition from most of the students in order to exist; but it is conducted by men who have consecrated their lives to the cause of education — true education — education of the heart as well as the head — education of the whole man. They will find room for any young man, rich or poor, who gives proof that he is made of the right stuff."

"How can I give them that proof?" Emmet wanted to know.

"Give it to *me*, and I will assure them. From now until the day you are graduated from St. Mary's Brothers School, your conduct, your application and intellectual progress, your stability of character will show whether you should be handed an entrance card to the university — or a pick and shovel," said Father Casey.

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## THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN

L. F. Hyland

One difficult thing for those who are afflicted with ill-health is the realization that they have become a burden and a trial to others. So often we hear the remark made by elderly people that they want to die suddenly or at least after a very brief illness, "because they do not want to be a burden to those whom they love." All who are sick or helpless are inclined to chafe under the realization that others must make sacrifices and incur heavy expenses and give up time and comfort for them.

But here again there is a tendency to overlook a truth that universal experience teaches, or rather two truths bound up in one. Nothing is more certain than that genuine human affection thrives more on misfortune and the need of sacrifice than on prosperity and comfort. It is axiomatic, for example, that mother love, always a strong and beautiful thing, reaches its highest beauty and strength when it goes out to a maimed or sickly child. It is beyond dispute that languishing love is often revived in husbands and wives, in brothers and sisters, even in friends, when one is stricken with some bodily misfortune. But even where love has never languished, it is nourished by the compassion called forth by illness or incapacity. Thus those who are ill, while they may be a burden to their loved ones in a material sense, can take comfort in the thought that the sacrifices made for them are a manifestation of love that only misfortune could make so strong.

The second truth is that those who suffer and thus strengthen bonds of love, can through their suffering bestow rare blessings on those they love. No money could ever pay for the lesson of patience that can be given by one whom God has stricken with helplessness; that lesson enters so deeply into our souls that we can never again be the same. No smile on the face of a healthy man or woman can bring us the joy and inspiration that comes from the smile of those who cannot walk lightly-heartedly in the midst of men.

Sick persons, therefore, need not consider themselves a burden to others; in very truth they can take away burdens and lift up hearts and contribute to the world more than their normal share of love and of joy.

## HOMES AND HOUSES

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A few fundamental truths, forgetfulness of which can change the most beautiful thing in the world into the most unlovely and undesirable.

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E. F. MILLER

THERE is a world of difference between a house and a home. When a man says, "I'm going to the house," he expresses a thought that has no meaning beyond the words. There is no song in his voice or gleam in his eye. He is merely going to a house, any house, the house he is visiting, the house where he is staying — a boarding house, a penthouse, a coffee house. But when a man says, "I'm going home," he expresses a thought so deep in hidden meanings and implications that words cannot be found adequately to describe it. He says in effect, "I'm going where I belong, where I fit like a bee in a hive. All these other places where I've been spending my time are good in their own way; they furnish fun and education and satisfy my wanderlust; but now I'm going home." He says it with a sigh, with longing, with anticipation. He knows that there is no place like home.

We talk about the old homestead as though it were a castle built in in the clouds and unsurpassed in beauty. The lumber making up its walls may be crusty with age and askew with neglect; the flowers in the garden may be no more than a wild profusion of color and a riot of variety without design or plan; the furniture may be from the days of Victoria and ugly as sin. But we don't see the material shortcomings of the house and property — we see only that other something which sanctifies the house and makes it for us the finest place on earth — we see the home, redolent with memories and made sacred by association with those whom we loved and who loved us in return.

There has been some confusion of thought concerning the distinction between the house and the home. When the architects of the land recently decided to build houses that would have some claim to beauty as well as to utility, they engineered a movement that could be put off no longer. Something had to be done about future house-building. It is hard to understand how the architects of a few decades ago could truthfully claim the name of artists. What they produced in the way of houses certainly was not art. Square flat houses without a single attractive



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feature and over ornate houses with a multitude of useless and inexplicable impediments clinging to them on all sides seemed to be the only structures builders could conceive. The result in every city of any size were whole sections given over to drab and dull dwellings that give relief to the eyes only when darkness descends upon them and kindly hides them from the gaze of men. Architects these days have decided to turn over a new leaf, and they are doing very well. In the suburban parts of cities row after row of the prettiest little residences that one could imagine can be seen. They look like doll houses with their slanting gables and their tiny windows and their variegated colors. People passing by invariably say: "What beautiful homes."

When they say that they are saying a little too much. The most magnificent house in the world is not necessarily the most perfect home; it may not be a home at all. In fact the chances are that most of the doll houses will not turn out to be good homes. They are so small that they can accomodate only two people, and when a boy and girl remain only two after their solemn pledges at the altar, and that through their own selfishness, of course their house will ever remain only a house, and cannot become a home. It is a safe statement to make that most divorces come out of houses like that — at least, more divorces than come out of the tenements in the slums or those thirty year old monstrosities with their turrets and towers and ugly porches that still clutter up the streets. A divorce will never come out of a home; it can easily come out of a house.

THE house itself is no guarantee of a successful home no matter how magnificent it is. When the late Mr. Vanderbilt wrote his will, he inserted a clause to the effect that his daughter would inherit so many millions of dollars after his death only on the condition that she would live at least six months out of the year in the family house in North Carolina. If a house is a real home, people don't have to be bribed to live in it. The point is that many houses are not real homes though they are crowded with people and furnished like the White House.

A house after all is only a combination of wood and nails and cement and other like materials that have been drawn from the earth and fashioned into a certain conventional shape; it has no life, no heart and soul, nothing in itself that will make a man die in its defense. Any man who would die for a piece of lumber or a pail of cement even though

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that piece of lumber now comprises part of a roof and the pail of cement a corner of a foundation would hardly be considered in his right senses. And yet people have been known to lay down their lives for their homes.

The main purpose of the house is to give people shelter from the rains and snows and from the hot sun of summer. It also is set up to afford a man some little privacy so that in his hours of relaxation he need not worry about the straight-laced customs of polite society. It would be unfortunate were there no place in all the world where he could slip off his shoes, open his collar, and slump down into the depths of a chair to enjoy the paper without friend and stranger watching his every move. Furthermore the house provides a bed for sleeping and a table for eating. So also does a hotel. All these things are only material things like the glass around the flame in an electric light. They do not make the home anymore than the peeling makes the orange.

The home on the other hand is a combination of intangible influences and forces that like golden threads wrap themselves around various individuals living together, and make them almost one in mutual love and understanding. The home is that indefinable something which results from the affection that the members of a family have, one for another, and from their common desire to aid one another to well-being and happiness. Such a home doesn't have to be in a house; it can be under a tree or even up in a tree; it can be on a barge or in a trailer. It is more a state of being, a condition of life than a place hemmed in by walls and topped with a roof.

Of course it is not to be denied that some kind of a place is necessary before a home can be founded. The point to be made is that the place or the condition of the place — whether lavish in its appointments or poor — is absolutely secondary; that in cottages of the poor a more beautiful home can sometimes be found than in the palaces of the rich. The home does not depend on brick and mortar but on something that comes from people who make use of the brick and mortar as a starting place for the building of a home.

**T**HE essentials of the real home are the very things that many people are excluding from their houses. And insofar as they exclude them their houses are no more than dead material with shape and form. So often we hear parents say: "We don't understand why our

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daughter's marriage was a failure. We gave the newlyweds the finest little bungalow that money could buy. It was equipped with all the latest conveniences from top to bottom. It was comfortable and up to date. It was the envy of all the boys and girls in the neighborhood. Why then did the marriage fail?" The answer is: the essentials of the real home were lacking.

The first essential is an undying love that husband and wife and children have for one another. This love is the very foundation on which the home stands. In a sense it hallows the cellar and makes sacred the attic. It throws an aroma of safety and security about the parlor and sanctifies every inch of plaster in the kitchen.

But true love is always characterized by self-sacrifice. In other words self-sacrifice is the test of love. The meeting of that test squarely by all the members of the family is like taking a hammer and driving golden nails into the shaky walls of the home and making these walls everlastingly sound. Self-sacrifice is the consecration, the dedication of the home; it is the magic wand that gives life and breath and even beauty to a house. Sicknes comes, and the well members of the family abandon all thought of sleep and all thought of self as long as the fever lasts and the disease remains. Poverty stands guard at each door, but its presence is made bearable by the willingness of all to share the poor food and to wear the patched garments. Even death may steal in like a thief in the night, death with its inexorable demands and its awful cruelty. Hearts are broken, but at the same time hearts are bound more closely together by the common grief.

The sacrifices on which the home was made solid and lasting are never destroyed. The actual reality may pass with the passing of the years, but the memories remain. And these memories are associated with every picture hanging on the walls, with the carpets on the floor, with the stove in the kitchen. Though they have become sweetened with the years, they are the forces that move a man from time to time to escape from his business or his pleasure and to come back home.

THE next essential of the home is children. There should be children and lots of them. They are the real stuff of which homes are made. Eight, ten, twelve are not too many for so important a work. Each new baby is one more guarantee that this particular institution is going to be a success. Perhaps there will be a cripple amongst the

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children, given with the healthy in the inscrutable designs of God, — a little tousle-headed youngster with blue eyes and a ready smile, but with crooked limbs and twisted frame. Sad according to the standards of the world, but fortunate according to the standards of God. He becomes the center, the hub of the home and all activity circles about him. In his helplessness he draws all closer together in the bonds of love. Sympathy always sharpens love, and here there is ample opportunity for sympathy without sentiment. It must be understood, naturally, that the parents must be the right sort if children are to build up the home as it should be built up. If the parents are indifferent and careless, all the children in the world will not help.

When young people on the verge of marriage are looking for a house, they should keep in mind that while a house is necessary, any kind of a house is only secondary. What they really want is a home. Starting right from the beginning to build a home, even though it be in a tent, they can have every assurance that their married life will be a success.

### Names

The most common name in the United States is *Smith*, which belongs to one out of every 88 Americans. Following in order of numerical strength comes *Johnson*, *Brown*, *Williams*, *Jones*, *Miller*, *Davis*, *Anderson*, *Wilson*, and *Moore*.

These names however, should not be accepted as indicative of any one nationality. Only a little better than half the *Smiths* could trace their ancestry to the British Isles. The rest have simplified some continental name like the German *Schmidt* or the Scandinavian *Smed* or the Czech *Kovars* or the Syrian *Hodad* or the Polish *Kowalczyk* into the all embracing *Smith*. *Johnson* may be the American form of the Irish *McShane*, the Swedish *Johansson*, or the Dutch or Danish *Jansen*.

While these names are multiplied indefinitely, there are many American names that will remain forever in one family. Examples of unique names in the United States are the following, taken from the insurance records: Willy Twitty, Harry B. Ill, Julia C. Barefoot, Sello Bibo, G. H. Upthegrove, Chintz Royalty, Barnum B. Bobo, John Bilious, Christian Girl, Memory D. Orange, Oscar R. Apathy, Alphonse Forgetto, Henry Kicklighter, Emil E. Buttermilk. — *H. L. Mencken in The American Language.*

**LINES**  
**TO ANY NUMBER OF COMMUNISTS**  
**L. F. Hyland**

Of all the classic examples  
Of a good end and bad means,  
Yours is the most classic.  
You say you want justice for workingmen;  
You want injustice to be levelled  
And unjust stewards of wealth to be chastised.

No one can say that these ends are not good,  
But everyone who thinks must say  
That you will never attain them  
By the methods you advance.

You say force must be used—  
Force in the form of warfare and bloodshed and murder  
Ere justice will be done.  
But justice is a virtue  
And virtues are habits  
That spring from the freedom of individual men:  
Therefore force cannot create justice  
Though it can destroy.

You say that for all men to be equal  
None must own anything—  
But that would concentrate  
Ownership of all  
In the hands of far fewer  
Than there are capitalists now,  
Because all things would be held  
By the few or the one  
Who would rule over all.

You say there is no God  
To whom man is responsible:  
And thereby you give greed  
And selfishness and avarice and pride  
More unlimited power over the hearts of men  
Than that which created  
The inequalities of today.

All good men agree  
That there is need of justice in the world.  
Justice will come  
When all agree that it comes  
From relief in God,  
From discipline of the passions  
And from man's respect  
For the immortal soul of his fellow-man.

## **FROM THE STAGE TO GOD**

### **THE DIVINE COMEDY IN THE LIFE OF EVE LAVALLIERE (III)**

**A. T. ZELLER**

**I**N JULY 1919 an incident occurred which by changing the whole course of her life, prepares for the last chapter of Eve's struggle to attain the perfect life.

Being in delicate health, she intended to go to the seaside — Guithany — to regain her health, if possible. Monsignor Lemaitre Archbishop of Carthage, and Superior of the Missionary White Fathers in Africa, met Eve. She herself tells of the result: —

"On the eve of that day, (when Eve went to set out for Guithany, on doctor's orders) God, who watches with a mother's love over His miserable little creatures, put us on the path of Msgr. Lemaitre, Bishop of the Soudan. He was leaving Lourdes himself the following day; but it was God's Will that this meeting should take place. His Lordship gave me an appointment for the following morning, and after two hours' conversation, undertook the direction of our souls. Magnificat!"

Msgr. Lemaitre, however, had no definite plans for her. She must still wait. Six weeks after, when he was giving a retreat at Marseilles, he invited Eve to come to make it. Though she was by no means well, she made the journey which was very difficult for her, — and made it in a spirit of poverty — riding for 18 hours on the hard wooden seats of a third class coach, in a train packed with soldiers.

"I didn't even know how to get myself a railroad ticket;" she said about it, "There was always a compartment waiting for me, all decked out in flowers."

At this retreat the Bishop suggested the idea of utilizing her services in African missions, and Eve was at once enthusiastic about it. Here seemed to be the answer to her longing to do something positive for God. Wasn't this the constant cry of her heart — to do as much good as she had done harm before?

But down she went with another illness. "I have news for you, great news!" she writes to Father Chasteigner, in a letter whose spirit we can only wonder at. "I am very ill, *condemned* in fact. I am suffering from a lesion of the kidneys. Given care, rest, calm, etc., I may last for

a while, but the least shock, a touch of the flu, and I'm finished.

"It was the night before last when the doctor felt obliged to tell me this, after a thorough examination. For the moment my grief came near choking me; but now I have begun to realize all that is good and beautiful in this gift of Jesus and it is with calmness, confidence, love, and gratitude that I accept His decree. . . ."

"So there we are!" she adds. "Pray hard for your poor little friend, pray for me when anguish shall hold me in its grip, when nature shall rebel, when patience shall desert me, when all the wickedness in me shall give itself up to excess, — pray that Jesus may watch over and sustain His poor, miserable creature. I am so afraid of *myself* and of my cowardice!"

Mgr. Lemaitre found his new penitent in this sad condition and in sheer pity, it would seem consented to enroll her in his missionary organization. Eve was overjoyed, as we can see from a letter written shortly after, in which she says:

"His Lordship has received us as missionaries of the Soudan, in a simple ceremony, grand in its simplicity. He knows that I am going to die soon and the Sacred Heart has inspired him to this "*beau geste*" (gracious deed). I am a missionary, a missionary! That means prayer and suffering. For a person can be a missionary on a bed of suffering by offering and accepting it for love of souls."

But Mgr. Lemaitre sailed for Africa and Eve was left alone — still a wanderer. The Bishop had left her under the impression that she might still enter the convent and this she tried after long months of waiting to hear from her director. In June 1920 she was received as a postulant at the Visitation Convent of Montheil. Two months later the Bishop wrote saying she could do as she liked but he would not sanction her entry into religious life. "God," he said, "did not want a suicide — not even a suicide of self-oblation."

Now what? She waited a while for further directions — and none coming, she made a last effort to enter the Carmel at Avignon. The prioress received her very kindly — but deeply as she was impressed by Eve's conduct and spirit, she had to refuse. She said about Eve:

"If I had been left to myself to decide, I would undoubtedly have yielded, so much purity of intention, simplicity, and purity of heart had I seen in this *artistic* soul. I was won to her from the moment we met. She was capable of very great love and that to my mind, is the only



thing that matters in the Carmel."

Yet she had to recognize: "A temperament such as hers, which had so much need of change, would not have held out for long in the solitude and monotony of a strictly cloistered order."

Defeated again! Eve turned from the Carmel — with no place to call her own — almost broken hearted. What did she do? With her constant companion Leona, she walked from the Carmelite convent to a nearby church where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, and there she poured out her grief to the compassionate heart of Him who had long ago welcomed the rejected Magdalen to His feet. There Eve found relief. "I felt at that moment," she writes in her spiritual notes, "that God was speaking to me, and that He said: 'Look upon Me, Eve! You weep, and yet I myself had not a stone whereon to lay my Head!' I understood and from then onwards had but one end in view: to do His Will!"

It was a brave resolution — much braver perhaps than she surmised at the time; but the grace of God enabled her to keep it in a way that seems simply wonderful. To do God's Will became a real passion with her.

There was nothing for her to do but return to Saint-Baslemont until she procured a little house and garden nearby at Thuilleries. From her retreat here, she writes to a nun: "Here we are back at Saint-Baslemont. Jesus keeps us on the march, tiring us out in order to make a harvest as we travel by the roadside, flowers of patience, obedience, and above all, self-surrender. Yes, indeed, in self-surrender is our fortune and our peace. Self-surrender means love, faith, all, — for without this 'all,' no one can attain true surrender. And I have found this self-surrender 'on the road.' I have already acquired some of its branches, but one day Jesus made me find the root, and I have planted it deep in my heart. Jesus has watered it, and its flowers are blossoming forth and filling my whole being with their perfume."

Here on September 20th, 1920, five days after taking possession of her new home, Eve became a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, with the name Sister Eve Mary of the Heart of Jesus. This was the nearest thing to the convent to which she could aspire — for it "is neither a confraternity nor a pious union, nor an aggregation to the spiritual advantage of a First Order, but a genuine Order, to which the great ones of this world as well as the poor have come to seek a rule

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by which they may conform their lives to the ethics of the Gospel." In her notebook we find this wording: Desire: To love in whatever state or position I find myself placed. May the will of Jesus be my law, may His love be my life.

She took her new way of life seriously. She writes to Father Chasteigner; "We are living here as tranquil and as isolated as hermits. Bodily health, and what is more important, spiritual health are holding well. Praise be to God who is author of both. Without Him where would we be, or what could we do? I can never grow used to the fact that I have been the object of so much love and so much preference — and so gratuitous at that. The more I see of my misery, my crimes, my vices, the more sublime and incomprehensible does the Mercy of God appear to me! And not content with having done that for me, He makes me love Him!"

One cannot help feeling how she had grown in sincere and honest humility as she grew in love for God. Her progress in the perfect life can be seen clearly, I think, from the following lines written in 1921, to a young friend, an invalid:

"You will learn by experience what delights there are in a clean conscience. In your case, especially, predestined as you are by God from all eternity to suffer on this earth, that truth, if you would only understand it *with faith*, would fill you with joy. In suffering you can find shelter from the wickedness and corruption which, as you know, run the streets. . . . If you would reflect seriously, you would not say to me: 'I am twenty, I am not living my life, I want to work, to be like the rest, etc. . . . No, Lucienne; what does it matter if you are twenty, or if God has given you a short life? All of us, whatever our age, have only *just* time enough to prepare ourselves for the true life, the only life, the true happiness. We are only as old as our virtues or our sins. Thus to take my own case, I shall be four years old on June 19th — that is the anniversary of my conversion; the rest is so much mud. . . .

"Give yourself wholly to Jesus," she continues, "and to the Blessed Virgin; give your sufferings generously, what *endless* happiness you will acquire for hereafter. What happiness for you, little atom that you are, to be procuring glory to God! What sweetness for you to bring a smile to the lips of Him whom they crucified! Tomorrow He may take you out of this world. O my dear Lucienne, don't lose such precious time! It is easy to go to heaven! A thought, a look, a word from time

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to time during the day to preserve your union, the literal fulfilment of the dear commandments of God and the Church, but all in a simple, quiet way, *like a child*, loving like a tiny child, and abandoning all else, it is heaven on earth. Try, and you will see."

She writes with spiritual maturity — showing signs of the influence at the same time, of the Little Flower, whose life she was reading. But her lessons on suffering were not learned from any book — but from her own spiritual experience.

She had been practising poverty and detachment for some time. Now her love for poverty grew even more intense since she was a child of St. Francis. And from a letter of hers to her young friend Lucienne, we learn of a last renouncement that she made at this time. It was a small thing, true, but it reveals the thoroughness and completeness which characterized all her spiritual progress.

"Your little mother has received a great grace," she wrote to Lucienne, "and I'm going to tell you about it, not to pride myself on it, but simply to show you once again the generosity of Jesus. You know how proud I still was of my face, and how I used to rouge it slightly to make it look less decrepit, like the poor fool that I was. Well, not long ago, I was reading the life of St. Angela of Foligno, and I came across the passage where Jesus says to her: 'For all your pain, your perfume and your coquettish treatment of your face, I have expiated. For them I suffered the buffets that bruised and deformed My Face, etc. . . . ' When I read this I was shaken by an extraordinary emotion, and as though in a trance, I said to Leona: 'Light the fire,' and as soon as it was lit, I threw everything in, powder, lipstick, everything, everything, for I did not trust myself. Since then, I have felt so happy and relieved! I am also letting my hair grow! It's growing with its real color, and now Sister Germaine will be pleased if she ever sees me again, because the only thing that touches my face now is soap!"

### A MISSIONARY

One day Monsignor Lemaitre returned. With the co-operation of the White Fathers, of whom he was a member, he had opened up at Tunis, a Nurses' training school. They were to be called the "Association of Charles de Foucaud" in memory of the saintly man who had labored and died among the Arabs of the North African villages. He had not favored Eve's entry into a convent, on account of her frail health; but this reason would not prevent her from joining his association of lay

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helpers, who while devoting themselves to corporal works of mercy among the Arabs, would retain their secular status and freedom. Theirs was to be a service of bodily rather than spiritual ministry. These day nurses went two by two, into the *douns* (huts), spending themselves in the care of the sick and of the children. They made no attempt to evangelize the Arabs, but sought to win them to God by the living Gospel of christian charity.

This idea Bishop Leevaitre had suggested to Eve. She welcomed it and as soon as her preparations were complete, sailed for North Africa. With Leona for companion, she began her missionary work at Zaghonan, about forty miles from Tunis. Father McReavy thus briefly describes her work: "From here she passed through a series of wretched villages, sharing the hardships of the poor and consuming her already depleted strength in combating the painful eye-diseases which are the common misfortune in this desert borderland. By the time she had reached the little town of Le Ref (after month of work) her powers of resistance were completely exhausted. She fell a victim to an African marsh-fever, was carried back with difficulty to Tunis, and lay there for weeks, hovering between life and death."

It seemed once again as though her longings were frustrated and her intentions thwarted. Again a door would slam in her face. But scarce was she declared out of danger when she wrote to a suffering little friend:

"I have been fairly seriously ill since the beginning of the year and at the present moment am not in a fit state to be moved. Our sweet Jesus will manifest His will when He pleases. His poor sheep is waiting, and with His grace will obey Him, whatever He may demand. . . . Life is miserable when it is not embellished and replete with Faith and Love."

Her constancy is shown in the fact that four times in those years between 1921 and 1924 she made the journey to Africa to work among the children and the sick among the Arabs on the border of the Desert. Each time illness forced her to retire to Thuillieres to regain her strength.

Toward the end of 1924 her health broke completely. Even Bishop Leemaitre who wished her to continue her work as long as possible, saw that she was incapable of carrying on. She returned to Thuillieres in France, never to leave it again.

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### SO AS BY FIRE

Those last years of her life, 1925 to 1929, were devoted to the perfecting of her life: she labored at it by prayer and the practice of penance and virtue; God took a hand by graces and sufferings. A few little notes and prayers and conversations left to us enable us to see that soul emerging always fairer and nobler.

Eve never posed — even in her earlier years on the stage, that was the secret of her success. This quality we notice in her spiritual life, too. And, therefore, when in August, 1926, Robert Le Flers, the eminent dramatist and member of the French Academy, came to see her in her retreat, she spoke to him freely and naturally, without any trace of priggishness or levity. A bit of this interview I must record here:

"You haven't, of course, forgotten," she said to Robert Le Flers, "how unbearable I was, how hard to please, both in my parts and in private life, wanting at all costs to increase, amplify and give prominence to my roles?"

"You were too big for yourself," said Le Flers.

"Perhaps so," replied Eve, "You see I had a vague feeling that I was capable of something really fine. Of course, I never could have imagined anything so fine as this. And, for that matter, if anyone had told me then what it would be, I fancy I should have been quite disgusted. . . I had strayed so far from the right path. . . It was by the way of the devil that I came to God. But conversion is hard work during the first months and even years. You don't pass from darkness to light all in an instant. There are periods of hesitation, of doubt, of half-light. But when at last the day of victory — victory over self — dawns, what joy! what blessedness!"

The great dramatist, describing her during this interview, said: "An air of indescribable sweetness has settled around this creature whose nerves, in the old days, were often strained to breaking point. She still continues to radiate life, but it is no longer the life of here below. Long did I listen to her with emotion and respect. Not a word did she utter which did not breathe genuine simplicity. In every single one there was evidence of the perfection of her interior life. She is modesty itself, simplicity itself."

### INVENTORY

To Robert Le Flers she spoke of "blessedness." The elements of this she listed in the following inventory, found among the spiritual notes she left:

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My favorite name.....Jesus  
My favorite flower....The thorn of His Crown  
My favorite food.....The Bread of Angels  
My favorite site.....Calvary  
My country .....Heaven  
My favorite virtue.....Humility  
My favorite occupation.The Gospel  
My favorite book.....Contemplation  
My property .....The grave  
My aspiration .....To love Him  
My sorrow .....Not to know if I love Him  
My goal .....Himself  
What astonishes me....His love for me  
What breaks my heart.. My ingratitude  
My favorite saint.....The one who has procured Him the most glory  
My greatest failing....Speaking about myself  
My good quality, if any.Looking myself in the face  
The key to pure love...Fiat! (Be it done)  
What I am.....A worm  
What I am called.....That!

"Here's the balance sheet of my year," she writes to a friend, maintaining the analogy, "I love Him more and more."

### MARY AND EVE

It was only natural that as she grew in love for Our Lord, she should grow also in love for Mary, His and our Mother. The following prayer, written in her own hand, would be evidence enough of her devotion to Mary. Eve prayed:

"O Mother of Jesus, O thou purest and most noble of creatures, O thou most precious jewel of the Creator, O Mother, O Virgin, O Queen, receive my great misery into thy arms and into thy heart. O Mother, in the name of Jesus, thy crucified Divine Son, in the name of all those tortures, in the name of all His dreadful and most cruel Passion, in the name finally of His divine Blood, shed so generously drop by drop to wash away and expiate our sins, I beg thee, O Mother, to take me under thy holy protection.

"Be thou, O my Mother, O Mother of God, be thou the mother of the most infamous, most defiled, most miserable of creatures. Thou, O Virgin, art the masterpiece of God's handiwork, — whereas I, I am

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its shame and its scum. It is the bottomless pit, the uttermost defilement that addresses itself to the queen of all purity and beauty.

"I appeal to thy heart, O Mother, and I know that my prayer will be heard. Take me, ah yes, for pity's sake, take me whole and entire. Be thou my Queen, my Advocate, my Mother; bless me, help me. I put all my trust in thee. I give and consecrate myself entirely to thee, O Mother of Jesus, with my whole life, from the day of my birth down to that of my death, and I entrust to thee the care of my eternity. Amen."

For depth of love and humility it would be hard to match this prayer of the modern Magdalen.

## THE CURTAIN FALLS

True love does not stop with sentiments or words; it is active, it is a driving force. Eve meets the test even in these last years of her life when she is all but a bedridden invalid.

She suffered — but she was happy to suffer for our Lord. Her sight began to fail her, and yet it called forth only this beautiful prayer: "Open the eyes of my soul, that I may contemplate Thee and love Thee, adorable Trinity, even if I must pay for it with the death of my bodily eyes."

She helped all the needy she could out of her meager supply and stinted herself to be able to give more. "Her charitable donations," says her parish priest, "both to the cause and to the relief of physical suffering were remarkable: she simply didn't count what she gave."

The spirit in which she gave is most beautifully described in her own words to one to whom she gave help:

"Learn, my dear child," she writes, "to *give*, and give with delicacy, considering that the giver is the person obliged, not the receiver. Love, love to give and to have nothing of your own. Give even your generous thoughts, give your sufferings, give your merits, divest yourself of everything in order to become the dearly beloved of Jesus, in order to gain an immortal crown."

The last year of her life was almost a continual torture. "My gallant Eve is suffering horribly," wrote Leona, her inseparable companion. Eve explained all by saying: "It is only just that God should purify a sinful thing such as I am."

Finally on July 10, 1929, the end came, — while the Litany of the



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Blessed Virgin was being recited, at the invocation: "Queen of Peace, pray for us."

Her funeral was a pauper's funeral. Such was her wish. The inscription on her tomb-stone, chosen by herself, reads: "I have left everything for God: He alone is sufficient for me."

And so the curtain falls on Eve's last appearance on earth. The next was in Eternity. "My goal . . . Himself."

### On Giving to Beggars

The gentle essayist, Agnes Repplier, unashamedly presents her philosophy on giving to the poor, against the advice of much social science:

"I have an incurable and reprehensible habit of giving to beggars. I know it is wrong, because people who are wise and benevolent tell me so, but I cannot help it. It is not only that my vocabulary has never held a "no." It is a sneaking sympathy with the unworthy poor, born of a conviction that if extreme poverty were my portion, I should certainly be unworthy. This does not mean that I should steal, or that I have any sympathy with thieves. They are the cowards of the world who prey relentlessly upon the courageous. Mercy to them means cruelty to those who are worth preserving. But to be truly worthy when one is very poor requires such patient and enduring effort, and leads to such meager rewards, that although it is always expected, it never seems worth while."—*The Catholic World*.

### Getting Along

"No one can consider himself properly adjusted to life unless he is able to get along with other people. . . . Notice the people that we commonly call 'good mixers.' What do you find? That they usually appear the happiest and seem full of the joy of living. And if you search deeper still into their natures, you will find that they are generous, sincere, sympathetic, unselfish, and trustworthy.

"Their happiness does not come directly from their contact with others. It is rather the outcome of the qualities I have just mentioned. For it is almost impossible to have these qualities and, at the same time, hold oneself aloof from one's fellows.

"In solitude we can formulate our ideals, take stock of ourselves, and refresh our souls. But only in contact with others can we practise, and build up, those attributes that go to make character and personality."—*Wilfrid Northfield in Irish Digest*.

## THE CARETAKER

F. A. Ryan

A funny name, "caretaker" — for a man like Paddy O'Brien. He was really the general "funkey" and servant for the rich Mrs. Dewitt-Smythe. He "took care" of the lawns and flower beds of her beautiful estate, drove the car for her now and then, and performed other little odd jobs around the place.

Mrs. Dewitt-Smythe really thought that she was taking care of Paddy. She gave him his pittance of a salary every Saturday, let him take things from the kitchen now and then, and spoke of him among her friends in the most exquisitely patronizing manner. To hear her, it would be thought at once that she was taking care of Paddy the caretaker.

Too bad that Mrs. Dewitt-Smythe could not see what was in the mind of Paddy. He was more of a caretaker than she knew. In his own mind he was more patronizing than any rich person could ever be towards the poor. He was poor and contented, but he had a strong deep faith that could almost see angels, and certainly could visualize the Kingdom of God. And Paddy knew that Mrs. Dewitt-Smythe was rich and discontented; that she knew and cared nothing about angels and God; that she was due for a sad awakening when she came to die.

So while Mrs. Dewitt-Smythe patronized the caretaker, the caretaker was patronizing Mrs. Dewitt-Smythe. But he knew how to patronize without offense. He did it by offering up Mass and Communion for her several times a month. He did it by saying little prayers to her Guardian Angel when he had her out for a drive. He did it by thanking God audibly when she gave him something, and by speaking reverently of the "Mother Mary" as if he had just left her a moment or two before.

Mrs. Dewitt-Smythe came to die and she asked Paddy O'Brien to send her "his priest." When the priest had left, Mrs. Dewitt-Smythe settled herself to die. But before she did so she said to the caretaker:

"Paddy, pray for me, please."

For Mrs. Dewitt-Smythe knew now that she was only a beggar, and Paddy the richest man in the world.

## ANNOUNCEMENT OF MARRIAGE

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The story behind what seemed to be a routine Sunday announcement from the pulpit. Being a true story, it may be thought improbable by some.

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E. F. MILLER

IT WAS a stormy night in Corinth, Minnesota, with shrieking winds sweeping down the streets and around the corners, and gathering up patches of dust and dirt and dried leaves as they went along to cast against the bare-looking walls of business buildings down town and against the brightly-lighted windows of pretty houses in the residential district to the west. No rain was following in the footsteps of the wind. It was one of those nights when people scurry for cover for fear of the ominous clouds hanging low in the heavens, but when, generally, nothing happens beyond the awful noise of wind and thunder, and the brilliant blaze of lightning as it streaks across the sky.

It was fortunate that there was no rain. For had there been rain, Peter Schwartz and Rosemary Byrnes, the most popular boy and girl in town and by far the most handsome, would never have been strolling down Gladstone Avenue, as they had been doing each Wednesday night for the past six years. On the other hand it might have been fortunate if there had been rain, for then they would not have had the opportunity to quarrel, and would have avoided the misery about to fall upon them.

They were in no hurry to escape the approaching storm as they walked along. So angry were they at one another that they could not have told you on the spur of the moment whether it was day or night, dark or bright, winter or summer. They could not have told you whether they were on Gladstone Avenue or Hawkins Boulevard which passes the church and down which they intended to go someday in order to be married.

Peter and Rosemary had been going together for six long years and had come no closer to the altar at the end of that long probation, than they were at the very start. Taking boys and girls in general, it does not take many that long to figure out whether or not they can make a go of it together for the rest of their days upon the earth. Most of them need no more than six months to come to a decision; there is

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even that segment of young America that can reach the same decision in about six days. We do not favor the expediteness of these latter courtships. At the same time neither do we favor the tardiness of the courtship of Peter and Rosemary. They had become the talk of the town, as is often the case in small towns, and countless were the men and women who had tried without success to bring about their marriage. It wasn't pleasant to have everybody interested in so personal a business; and that was one reason why they were angry.

THEIR stroll *down* the avenue had been peaceful enough. It always was. Their stroll *home* was a different story. As they came out of the show, they heard just a few stray words from a boy and a girl in the lobby. They were not very harsh words, but they were enough to start the fire. Rosemary flushed, and marched straight into the howling wind as though she were entirely alone and intended to remain that way. When Peter tried to take her arm, she shook him off sharply; and he had to hasten his steps to keep up with her.

"What's up?" he shouted above the wind. "What have I done now?"

"What's up?" she repeated his words. "You should ask a question like that? Well, if you ask me, it's all up. You're not going to ruin my life any longer. I'm through, I tell you, I'm through." She tossed her pretty head in the air, and eyes straight ahead, marched on.

If you could have seen Peter's face in the darkness, you would have quickly noted the lines of stubbornness that came over it, followed immediately by a look of tiredness or that "What the heck's the use — you can't argue any sense into a woman" look.

"Do we have to go over all that again?" he said resignedly. "Isn't there ever a time that we can go out together without your giving me a raking over, and making me feel as though I had abandoned motherless orphans to death and destruction? Am I such a heel that you can't see anything in me but a coward? Ye gods!"

Rosemary softened at these words, and stopped suddenly, seized him by the arm.

"Peter," she said, "do you love me?"

"Do I love you?" he asked in surprise. The stubbornness disappeared from his face. "Have I ever stopped loving you from the first moment I saw you — ever, even for a minute? I love you so much, Rosemary, that as soon as I get fixed a little better, we're going to call on our good

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old friend, Father Lavery, and do it up once and for all. Gee, I wish . . . ."

Rosemary was already in full stride again. "That's it, that's the same old story again—the same story I've been hearing from the moment you proposed to me two years ago and I agreed." Tears came into her eyes, and her voice choked. "The same old story. 'Two people can't live decently on thirty dollars a week; three people would find it impossible; and four or five people would have to live off the city.' I know you have it all figured out to the last penny—how much we'd have to pay for clothes and food and rent and everything else, and how the expenses as you figure them and your salary don't come out even. I know you've figured how much it costs to have a baby and how you'd have to go into debt to pay the bills and wouldn't be able to save anything for the future. I know all that, Peter—" she paused, once more seizing him by the arm—"yes, I know all that, Peter; but let's forget statistics. We love each other, don't we? Don't we, Peter? I'll give you five babies, ten babies—as many as God will allow us, Peter, and I'll take care of them, too, even though we have to live in a shack on the river, and have only bread and potatoes to eat. I'll do it all because I love you and because love will find a way. But we won't have to live in a shack on the river. I can manage on thirty dollars a week. I can make you a home that will be a palace on that, Peter. Why are we waiting then?"

The stubbornness returned to Peter's face. "Rosemary," he said reluctantly, "there's nothing that I want more—nothing in all the world. But you don't understand. I work in a bank. I've doped it all out on paper. I know."

"And I know too," responded Rosemary, her voice rising above the shriek of the wind. "I know now that we're through once and for all. Here's your ring." She pulled it off her finger and literally threw it at him. Then turning, she fled into her house where finally they had arrived. Peter stood for a moment looking after her. Then resolutely he strode up to the door and rang the bell. Rosemary's mother came, but Rosemary—not at all.

"All right," he said to himself angrily, "if that's the way she feels about it, I'm through too." He took the ring from his pocket and threw it down the street as far as he could. Then with dignity he walked home. But there was a tightness in his throat, and a kind of constriction around his heart.

WHILE this tragedy was being enacted in the street, old Father Lavery sat in his comfortable chair in his study and dozed off to sleep. Such was his custom each evening — a bit of a walk after supper, a bit of reading, a bit of dozing, and then bed. During his dozing he generally dreamed, and pleasant dreams they were too, for Father Lavery had worked hard during his long life, and had much to remember and be thankful for.

This evening he had not been able to take his walk because of the threatening weather. But he could take his doze, and that is exactly what he did. While he dozed — of all things — he dreamed that Rosemary Byrnes and Peter Schwartz had come in and told him that they wanted to make preparations for their marriage. Of all things! He had been working for this for months, yes, for years, for weren't Peter and Rosemary his very best parishioners? He had not succeeded in his very obvious tricks and plots to bring them to the altar. They had laughed at him. And now, here they were. God bless them! They'd have a fine family of healthy boys and beautiful girls — maybe some of the boys for the Sanctuary and a few of the girls for the convent. God bless them, but weren't they the grand couple — Mary as pretty as a picture with her fair face like the Blessed Mother's own, and the curly hair and the deep eyes; and Peter as straight as a soldier and as handsome as a god. "Yes, yes, God bless you, children," he said. "This is a happy day in my life, but I'm sure, a happier one in yours." They left him then. And it was at that moment he awoke.

But he didn't realize that he had been sleeping. It had all seemed too real. Reaching for the announcement book, he wrote down carefully:

Announcement of marriage between: Rosemary Byrnes  
of this parish, daughter of Mr. John Byrnes and Mrs.  
Ellen Byrnes, nee Smith and Peter Schwartz also of this  
parish, son of Mr. George Schwartz and Mrs. Patricia  
Schwartz, nee Maloney. First publication.

He then closed the book, and creakingly retired to bed, smiling happily all the way.

THAT all happened on Wednesday. Thursday, Friday and Saturday came and went, and the armed neutrality between Peter and Rosemary continued. The two had not spoken to each other since the night of their quarrel, and at Communion each morning they knelt at

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the opposite ends of the railing — the first time that had happened in six years. Then came Sunday, as calm and beautiful a day as you could desire.

The church for the eight o'clock Mass was jammed to the doors, for everybody was at the first Mass in order that they might spend as much of the day as possible at the lakes. Father Lavery came out to the altar in his golden vestments and began Mass. He finished the introit, the Gloria, the orations, and moved over to the other side for the gospel. Then removing his maniple, he mounted the pulpit, and began the announcements. He kept the best one till the last.

"And now, my friends, I have news that all of you are going to enjoy. With the greatest of pleasure I announce the first publication of the banns for two of our most beloved young people." He looked at the audience, and his voice grew stronger. "There is a promise of marriage between . . ." and he read to the end the notice that he put down in the book. There was a hush in the church, and then an almost audible tremor went over the congregation. Here was news indeed. There wasn't a man or woman who wasn't glad. And had it not been in church that the message was given, all would have stood up and cheered. Father Lavery preached a short sermon and went back to the altar. The Mass was soon over, coming to a close with a mighty roll of the organ as a kind of prelude to the wedding bells soon to ring.

The people could not wait to get outside in order to congratulate Peter and Rosemary. But they did not get the chance. Up the gospel side went the girl, and up the epistle side, the boy, and they met in the sacristy just as the priest was putting away the last vestment.

"Father," said Rosemary heatedly, "what ever possessed you to say a thing like that?"

"And that's what I'd like to know too," put in Peter.

Father Lavery was all smiles. "My dears," he said, "you don't know how happy you have made me — you'll never know. You are made for one another. But let us not stand here — come over to the house with me, and Elsie will get you a cup of coffee."

"Father," said Rosemary again. "You have made a mistake — a bad mistake. There's not going to be any marriage between us. We're finished with one another, and finished for good. You'll have to make another announcement next Sunday to that effect. You can tell the people that some mistake has been made."



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"Mistake?" said the priest with a bewildered look on his face. "Mistake? You mean that you didn't come to see me and tell me you were engaged and that you wanted arrangements made? You mean that I must have dreamed it all? You mean . . ." His hands dropped to his sides.

"That must have been it, Father," said Peter. "Perhaps you dreamed it."

The old priest leaned against the vestment case, the bewildered expression still on his face. And then all of a sudden it seemed to dawn on him what he had done — how it wasn't true, after all. Two large tears appeared in his eyes, and rolled down his cheeks. He brushed them aside and said:

"Excuse me, my children. I'm an old, old man now, and like all old men I make mistakes; and like all old men I'm a weakling. You'll excuse me, I know. My work is almost done here, and I won't have much more chance to make mistakes. But I had hoped that I would be able to do this one last thing before retiring. I felt that perhaps it would be the happiest of all. Well, God knows best." This time he made no effort to conceal the tears. And in a moment Rosemary was weeping with him. Peter in some strange way which afterwards he could not explain found himself with one arm around the sagging shoulders of the priest, and with the other arm around the stooped shoulders of the girl.

"Rosemary," he said huskily, "Will you marry me — today, tomorrow, as soon as it possibly can be done? With Father's prayers and our love we're bound to make a success of it. I see it now. Rosemary, will you marry me?"

And like the sun suddenly appearing from behind dark clouds, smiles soon dried up the tears, and Rosemary Byrnes and Peter Schwartz were on their knees receiving from the hands of the old priest the first blessing upon their engagement.



As o'er glacier's frozen sheet  
Breathes soft the Alpine Rose,  
So through life's desert springing sweet,  
The flower of Friendship grows.

Oliver W. Holmes.

## Three Minute Instruction

### ON SERVING MASS

Altar boys have a privilege second only to that of the priest in the celebration of Holy Mass. They are so necessary to the proper fulfillment of the great sacrifice that the law of the Church forbids a priest to say Mass without a server, except in unusual circumstances. The privilege of serving Mass is so great that every youth who shares it should train himself to perform his duties in the best possible manner. These rules especially should be observed:

1. The server should know the Mass prayers as near perfectly as possible. When he answers the priest's prayers, he is speaking not for himself alone but for all the people. Therefore he should not mumble the words, or glide over them so rapidly that they have no meaning, or be contented with learning only the general sound of the words. He should know each single word, pronounce it clearly, and now and then read to himself the English of the Mass prayers so that he will have some understanding of what he is saying.

2. The server should be a model of devotion and piety in his manner around the altar. He should not look around, nor talk to other servers, nor argue with them about things to be done. He should walk reverently about the altar, and not run or hurry. He should kneel erect and straight, genuflect slowly, and keep his hands folded whenever they are not occupied. His object should be to inspire devotion in the people who attend Mass, and not to distract them by irreverent actions.

3. The server should cultivate a great love of the Mass, and try to understand it better every day. He can do this by learning to follow the priest's prayers, not only when he has to answer them, but at all times during the Mass. Many lay people nowadays use English missals at Mass and know just what is going on at any moment; every server should be eager to do this, and should save his money until he can buy a complete English missal and then have someone explain it to him.

Mass-servers who keep these rules will be adding immensely to the beauty of Holy Mass, will be gaining graces that will last throughout their entire lives, and will be a real source of inspiration to all who see them at the altar.

## WHAT IS THE BIBLE

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The inside story of the "best seller" ever written.

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E. A. MANGAN

**I**N THE mysterious book of the Bible called the Apocalypse which was written by St. John the Apostle, a magnificent scene in heaven is described for us. St. John is taken up into heaven and there he sees all heaven waiting for a sealed book to be opened. For a long time it remains unopened and it seems that no one will be able to open it. Then just as the venerable Apostle is about to weep because no one can open the book, the angel who has led the beloved disciple to heaven tells him that the "Lamb slain from the beginning will be able to open the book." The book is opened and a grand panorama of the world's history is portrayed in symbolic visions.

The "Lamb slain from the beginning" is, of course, Jesus Christ the Eternal Son of God equal to God in all things and therefore able to penetrate the deepest secrets of the Godhead. No part of history past or present can escape his full knowledge and he will reveal to St. John and to us whatsoever he pleases.

I am reminded of this scene when I come to think of the manner in which the Bible, the one and only book of the world's literature written by God Himself, remains to all intents and purposes a sealed book to most people and perhaps especially to Catholics. As Christ Himself opened the sealed book of the symbolic visions for St. John in heaven so Christ Himself has opened the Bible to the admiring gaze of all ages. The sad thing about it all is that there are few who wish to gaze at the beauties which Jesus has spread before our eyes. Our Lord is not only the one who opens this book of books for us; He Himself is the key to the whole Bible and furthermore, He is the beloved central theme of the whole Bible; He is the principal subject matter; He is the chosen picture which God the author of the Bible loves to portray in so many different attitudes and poses. Christ is the golden thread which is strung throughout the whole book, binding it into a sublime unity which is worthy of an author who is eternal and unlimited. This is so true that

St. Jerome can say with perfect truth that "he who knows not the Bible knows not Jesus Christ."

How strange it is then that we who are followers of Jesus Christ and are supposed to be His imitators in everything, have such fantastic imaginings about the reading and the study of the Bible. It is an indisputable fact that Jesus our Master was the peerless teacher of Scripture. At the early age of twelve He broke the silence of His hidden life in the little town of Nazareth to assert His place among the doctors of Holy Scripture. This was moreover "His Father's business." From then on His great work seems to be to persuade the people of His own age and therefore of every other age to "search the Scriptures." He does not say that they should merely read the sacred books but that they should continually search them for they give testimony of Him. He came as He Himself said not to destroy but to fulfill and His whole life is guided by the principle that the "Scriptures might be fulfilled."

How perfectly ridiculous then we may say, is the attitude that is taken towards this monument of God, and that rather generally! First of all the ignorance of the Bible that is abroad in the world is almost unbelievable. Oftentimes in an off-handed manner I have asked the question "What is the Bible?" of all kinds of people some of them very intelligent in most things and the answers received would be "knockouts" for a Ripley column. A very common answer has been: "It is a book that Catholics are not allowed to read." Sometimes the answer amounting to almost the same thought is couched in words like: "It is a mysterious book that talks about Moses." Other answers have been, "It is the book that Moses wrote," or, "It is the book that the Protestants use," or, "It is the book that tells about the history of the Jews." These are some of the silly answers that are given. Sometimes the answer itself is not so far off the track but on examining a little further if the person is willing to be quizzed it becomes evident that the answer is merely a formula learned by heart and repeated. For instance a very small percentage of the people who answer that the Bible is the book of God or God's book will be able to tell you what they mean by that answer.

What a difference there is between these things that are said about the Bible by ordinary people and the sayings and raptures of the Saints! St. Augustine and many of the Fathers of the church have called the Bible "A letter written by Our Heavenly Father to His children on earth." St. Bonaventure who always writes so charmingly says that the

Bible is "the heart of God, the mouth of God, the tongue of God, the pen of God; the book written on within and without." And again he says: "The whole of Scripture is as one harp whose manifold strings harmonize in conveying to mortal man the truth from God, about God, according to God and on account of God."

It was a remembrance of these things said by the saints and a deep and constant pondering of them that caused Pope Leo XIII to write: "This is especially desirable and necessary that the use of the same divine Scripture should penetrate into the whole study of Theology and almost be its soul." And a like meditating and pondering on the admirable sayings of the saints led Pope Benedict XV to pray "for all the children of the Church, that penetrated and strengthened by the sweetness of the Holy Writ, they may attain to the surpassing knowledge of Jesus Christ."

The manifold treasures of Holy Scripture are too overwhelming in both number and magnificent beauty to be even barely enumerated in an article of this kind. A quick, very cursive glance at a few of the entrancing marvels contained in this unique and all surpassing gem in the world's literature must suffice for this time.

The solemn words: "In the beginning God created heaven and earth," open the first book of the bible and though the words have been laughed to scorn and have been labelled as myth or legend as the page has been listlessly turned, yet the words have stood and today stand firm and final and defiant. Undimmed by the ages they still clearly mark the ancient canvas of grey antiquity with bold and incisive strokes and colorings that afford us glimpses even into eternity. And as we read page after page of this glorious book the truth gradually manifests itself "in newness of spirit and not in the oldness of the letter." The closing lines of the Apocalypse which are also the closing lines of the whole Bible reveal the key to it all: "I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end." By this golden chain the Book is hung between the eternal gates to tell the wanderer on earth the new and the old of time. By its very majesty and simplicity it reveals itself as surely the book of God who know thoroughly the new and the old. It is God's book.

But it is also man's book. It records man's history on earth. Thus it becomes humanity's book for it tells humanity's story, not indeed in the statistical figures of earthly rating, but in the rating of permanent and eternal values, comprising the entire range of the new and the old.

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And although the sacred writers in but a few mighty strokes of the pen tell the origin of the universe, of the lands and the people beyond the great sea, concentrating their attention for the great part of the Bible upon the narrow strip of land along the Jordan river and upon the people known to the world as the Jews still their vivid record reveals a cross-section of human history as well as of human thought and experience. The Bible is an enduring record of mankind in so many different ways that no scientific theories, rather, no prejudiced meanderings of the rebel human mind couched though they be in language however scientific can ever set aside the Bible nor free themselves from the influence of this book of books which again in this way reveals itself as a production that could come from God only.

But the Bible is the book of God not only because it touches back into the hazy reaches of eternity, not only because it sketches boldly the history and the thought and the feelings of mankind in a way which only God could do, but it is actually a book, the only one in all literature that has been really and truly written by God. Whatever we call the book, whether we name it the Bible or God's book or the Scripture or the inspired writings, let us never forget that God Himself actually wrote the whole bible.

God who is all-powerful can use a man in somewhat the same manner that a man can use a pencil or a pen. A man writes a book and his instrument is the pen he uses. God wrote the Bible and the instruments He used to transfer His thoughts and His sayings from His mind to the books of the Bible were men like you and me. They became living instruments of God somehow like our pen becomes our instrument when we write. While the men who wrote the Bible wrote what they wrote, the activity of God flowed through them in some inscrutable way which only God could explain to us and the result was that whatever they wrote was written really by God as the principal author. However since God did not take away their liberty while He used them as instruments, but left to them their intelligence and their free will, they acted as free and intelligent instruments that is, God's thought flowed through a human mind and the words and phrases were chosen under the positive guidance of God but with the free will of man. The written word of the Bible then became first of all the word of God and at the same time the word of the men who wrote under this compelling but free activity. The Bible is the book of God in very truth. Every book in the Bible is really

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and truly a book written by God and written by Him just as truly as any book is written by any man. At the same time the books are ascribed to the men who wrote them as instruments of God. The process which God used to accomplish this miracle by which a book is written by God Himself and by a man at the same time, we call inspiration. We call the Bible the "Book of God," then because it is inspired, that is, written by God. Every book in the Bible, nay every part of every book as it came from the hand of Moses or any other of the authors of Holy Scripture, was written by God.

If therefore, the Bible contained nothing else but a few precepts or commands which God wished to transmit to us by writing instead of by tradition or by word of mouth, it ought to be our constant wish and our thrilling pleasure to read and to meditate on the words that God Himself took the trouble to commit to writing. Far from confining Himself to a few precepts however, God has been pleased to write every sort of known literature for our delectation. Whether it be history we are looking for, or poetry, stories or hymns, discourses or sermons, we shall find them all in the Bible. The grandest and purest and most majestic literature of all time will be found in this treasure house of literature.

These few words will I hope do away with any prejudice against reading the Bible that may linger in the hearts of the readers of the Liguorian. If in our humble way we succeed in promoting in any way the knowledge and the love of the Bible which is God's letter to us, we shall feel happy in knowing that we have done something pleasing to God and to the Blessed Virgin who spent very much of her time in the reading and the study of the Bible throughout her whole life.

### Trains With Wings

The United States leads the world in fast trains. Its schedules call for 48,247 miles at a mile a minute or faster; for 12,630 miles at 66 miles or more an hour; for 4,415 miles at 70 miles and more an hour; and for 1,012 miles at 75 miles and more an hour. In the whole world there are only 93,312 miles of train travel scheduled at 60 miles or more an hour, so that the United States has well over half the total.

However, Germany has the present record for a station to station run, covering one stretch of 109.6 miles at 82.2 miles an hour with a Diesel powered train. One stretch of American track provides a daily run of 62.4 miles at 81.4 miles an hour — top speed for this country.



## QUESTION OF THE MONTH

*Since Catholics often invite non-Catholics to Catholic Church services, why is it wrong for Catholics themselves to attend the services of other religious denominations? Is not this contradictory or at least inconsistent?*

There is no contradiction or inconsistency in this matter, because non-Catholics have an entirely different principle in regard to religion than Catholics. The essential principle of all forms of Protestantism is that every individual has a right to form his own convictions about religion; he does not consider himself bound by any authority to hold one thing rather than another or even to adhere to one Protestant sect rather than any other. When a Catholic invites a non-Catholic to attend services in a Catholic Church, he is inviting him to exercise the right he has assumed, viz., of forming his own convictions about religion, changing his opinions, etc.

The essential principle of the Catholic religion, however, is that there can be only one true religion, that its truth is not dependent on anyone's feelings or opinions, that once a person recognizes the truth of that religion, he may not take part in the services of any other because that would be to deny that only one religion can be true. One can become a Catholic, after attaining the use of reason, only by becoming convinced that the proofs of the Catholic faith are inescapable, and once that point is reached it is logically and morally necessary to show no belief in any other form of religion.

That is why a Catholic may invite a non-Catholic to Catholic services without asking him to injure his conscience, and why a Catholic may not accept invitations to the services of other religions without injuring his own conscience.



## PIUS X

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The 25th anniversary of the death of Pope Pius X, coming on August 20, is a fitting time to recall the great things this saintly pontiff did for the world.

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S. McKENNA

**T**WENTY-FIVE years ago on the twentieth of August the French General Staff reorganized their panic-stricken troops in desperate attempt to check the triumphant advance of the German armies. The memorable Battle of the Marne had begun. In the early hours of that same day, far from the roar of cannon and the horrors and bloodshed of war, there died one who but a few days before had said: "Gladly would I lay down my life if I could procure the peace of Europe." The man who offered to God this sublime sacrifice was the Sovereign Pontiff — Pius X.

Death brought peace at last to the pope who had governed the Church during one of the most trying decades in her long history. Joseph Sarto, Cardinal-Patriarch of Venice, seemed to have a premonition of the sorrows that awaited him as Christ's Vicar on earth. On the eventful fourth of August, 1903, when he was asked if he would accept the papacy, he replied with tears in his eyes: "I accept it as a cross." A moment later he added: "Let me be called Pius — the name of those who have suffered most for the Church in this country."

In announcing his election Pius X sounded a note of prophetic warning to a world that relied on its own strength and boasted of its material progress: "Who can fail to see that society at the present time, more than in any age, is suffering from a terrible and deep-rooted malady . . . apostasy from God which developing every day and eating into its inmost being is dragging it down to destruction?" The only means of avoiding a general catastrophe was to return to God by the imitation of His divine Son. "To restore all things in Christ" would therefore be the motto of his pontificate.

In this first encyclical Pius X pointed out that the restoration of all things in Christ could be best accomplished through the Catholic Church, His Mystical Body and the "depository of His doctrines and His laws." His forty-five years of parochial experience as curate,

pastor, chancellor, director of a seminary, bishop of Mantua, and cardinal of Venice had convinced him, however, that the Church must be reformed in many ways before it could fulfill its sublime mission on earth.

WHEN Pius X came to the papal throne the Church was governed by laws, many of them hopelessly antiquated, others difficult of observance, and a few detrimental to the common good. These laws moreover were scattered about in various books, not easily accessible, and often couched in a phraseology that only the skilled canonist could understand. The result was a general indifference to and neglect of canon law. A new canonical legislation was imperative and in keeping with the motto he had chosen: "We see clearly that ecclesiastical discipline aids powerfully in the restoration in Christ." The work on the New Code began a few months after his election though many said that it would be impossible to modernize the laws of the Church, to write them in simple language, and to summarize them in a single book. This "exceedingly difficult task," as Pius X called it, was almost completed at his death ten years later and he is deservedly regarded as its author. Such an accomplishment is in the opinion of many "the most important event in the ecclesiastical history of the twentieth century" and would of itself make his reign memorable.

While this work of codification was going on Pius X introduced other reforms in the Church. He abolished under the severest ecclesiastical penalties any further use of the Veto at a conclave. This regulation enabled the papal elections in 1922 and 1939 to proceed without any interference from a foreign government. The Sovereign Pontiff made drastic changes in the Roman Curia that equalized the work of the different Congregations, ended disputes about jurisdiction, and expedited ecclesiastical business. He did away with the three hundred seminaries of Italy and established larger regional seminaries with properly-equipped professors and with adequate facilities for training the future leaders of the Church in piety and learning. He drew up a detailed program of studies which served as a standard for all seminaries. He effected important changes in the Roman Breviary which did away with the undue multiplication of the feasts of saints and restored Christ to His rightful place as the center of the Church's daily and official prayer. In 1903 he issued a decree summarizing the principles

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governing the singing of sacred music. His purpose was to abolish the camouflaged concerts in Church and to stir up the piety of the faithful by congregational singing and by the revival of Gregorian plain chant.

**T**WO reforms of Pius X were of vital importance to the laity. In 1907 he issued an encyclical on Christian Doctrine which contained the following regulations: a society devoted to religious instruction was to be organized in every parish; special classes in the Catechism were to be held for adults and the students in all non-sectarian schools; more catechetical sermons were to be preached from the pulpit. Our present-day Archconfraternity of Christian Doctrine, our Newman and study clubs, and the series of doctrinal sermons on Sunday morning, now customary in many dioceses, are the realization of the plans he had formulated more than three decades ago.

The pontificate of Pius X marks a new era in the history of Holy Communion. The Holy Father in 1905 put an end to the disputes among theologians about the requisite conditions for frequent and daily Communion by declaring that "freedom from mortal sin and a right and pious intention" were alone sufficient. He urged bishops and priests to encourage frequent and daily Communion among the people. He went further and added that children should be allowed to approach the sacred table as soon as they understood the meaning of the Eucharist. How thrilled must Pius X, "The Pope of the Eucharist" have been when in the closing days of his life he heard of the Children's Eucharistic Crusade whose sole purpose was the frequent receiving of Christ in Holy Communion. In the mind of the Vicar of Christ the laity were to cooperate wholeheartedly with the clergy in the restoration of all things in Christ, but they could not do this effectively unless they were thoroughly instructed in their faith, and strengthened from childhood with the nourishing food of the Eucharist.

Historians have declared that Pius X was the greatest reform-pope since his saintly predecessor, Pius V (1566-72). The passage of time has shown the wisdom of his many changes. His success was due to his familiarity with almost every phase of parochial activity, his sound common-sense, his ability to select capable collaborators and to inspire them with his zeal for the Cause of Christ. Undoubtedly he would have applied himself to other necessary reforms in the Church if

modernism and diplomatic problems had not claimed so much of his attention.

**M**ODERNISM which arose in the opening years of this century was one of the most dangerous attacks ever made on the Catholic Church. It ridiculed the traditional philosophy taught in the seminaries, regarded the Bible as a purely human book, and placed the unchangeable doctrines of the Church upon the same plane as the fallible judgments of men. Pius X took energetic action against a movement which he justly called "the synthesis of all the heresies." He unmasked the modernists who concealed their insidious teachings in vague and high sounding language by a clear and detailed exposition of their errors. He gave them the alternative of either retracting or of being excommunicated from the Church. He urged the bishops throughout the world to watch carefully all publications in their dioceses. He made it obligatory for practically all clerics in major orders to make a public profession of faith and to take an oath against modernism. To prevent a revival of these false doctrines he made the teaching of Thomistic philosophy obligatory in the seminaries and established the Biblical Institute at Rome for research in Sacred Scripture under ecclesiastical supervision. "The parish priest," as Pius X often referred to himself, succeeded in preventing the spread of a movement which like an acid was eating into the vital truths of Christianity. Had Pope Leo X acted with the same promptitude and vigor in 1517 the Protestant Reformation might never have happened.

During his long life of almost eighty years Pius X had never left his native land. Unlike the other pontiffs of modern times he had received no diplomatic training. "I understand nothing of politics," he once said, "and I do not belong in diplomacy." In his dealings with foreign governments, especially when there was a principle at stake, he spoke with a bluntness and directness that at times aroused violent antagonism. The great sorrow of his life was that France "the eldest daughter of the Church" not only expelled the religious from the country but also brought an end to the centuries-old union there between Church and State. Some historians have claimed that a more diplomatic pope might have prevented this catastrophe. Whether their opinion is correct must be left to history, for we are at present too near the events to render a just verdict.

**T**HROUGHOUT his whole life Pius X was the most unassuming of men. When on his canonical visitations as bishop and cardinal he forbade any tumultuous ovations for him at the railroad station and requested the people to prepare for his coming by receiving Holy Communion. Even as pope he disliked the shouts of the people when he appeared in St. Peter's for divine service. He belonged for many years to a society of priests in Italy whose object was the spiritual advancement of its members. Joseph Sarto continued to practice the acts of humility, prescribed by the society, even after he had become the supreme ruler of Christendom. The son of a poor cobbler of Riese, Pius X remained poor to the end. He never took advantage of his exalted rank in the Church to make life more pleasant for himself or to obtain lucrative positions for his relatives. He even had to borrow money for his travelling expenses to the conclave that elected him pope. "I was born poor, I have lived poor, and I wish to die poor" he wrote in his will and in it chose a modest spot in St. Peter's at his last resting place.

In 1923 a beautiful monument to him was erected in St. Peter's through funds obtained from all parts of the Christian world. The sculptor has depicted Pius X with his pontifical robes and tiara and his eyes and arms raised towards heaven. On his face there is the look of "gentle sadness" so characteristic of all his portraits. About him are grouped the persons and objects symbolizing the main events of his pontificate. Pius XI who was present at the unveiling of the monument praised its "magnificent simplicity" as most appropriate to his humble predecessor. He was particularly impressed by "the noble gesture" of prayer. Pius X, he continued, though dead still speaks to us, exhorting us to lift up our hearts, and reminding us that above the things of this poor life are the riches of heaven.

No sooner had Pius X died than his tomb became a pilgrimage-place for people from Rome and visitors to the Eternal City. For the past twenty-five years it has never been without its lighted candles and flowers. Every year on the anniversary of his death, the twentieth of August, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered there from early morn until noon. In 1923 the cardinals of the Curia, who knew the deceased pontiff most intimately, urged that the cause of his beatification be introduced, and petitions to this same effect poured in from all parts of the world.

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The heroicity of the virtues of Pius X and the miracles attributed to him are now being examined by the ecclesiastical authorities. The last canonized pope was Pius V, whose pontificate in many respects was similar to that of his successor and namesake, Pius X. Throughout the world millions are praying that the likeness between the two pontiffs may be increased still more by the veneration of the cobbler's son of Riese as one of God's glorious saints.

### *Instead of War*

With the \$400,000,000,000 worth of property that was destroyed by the World War, says Nicholas Murray Butler, "we could have built a \$2,500 house and furnished this house with \$1,000 worth of furniture and placed it on five acres of land worth \$100 an acre and given all this to each and every family in the United States, Canada, Australia, England, Wales, Ireland, Scotland, France, Belgium, Germany and Russia.

"After doing all this there would have been enough money left to give to each city of 20,000 inhabitants and over in all the countries named a \$5,000,000 library and a \$10,000,000 university. Out of the balance we could still have sufficient money to set aside a sum at 5 per cent interest which would pay for all time to come a \$1,000 yearly salary each for an army of 125,000 teachers, and in addition to this pay the same salary to each of an army of 125,000 nurses."

### *How To Express Joy*

Too many persons imagine that happiness must necessarily express itself in laughter. That is one way of showing joy. But the deeper and finer gladnesses which are ours to enjoy, however they be expressed, externally, are really expressed by numerous virtues.

It is not necessary that you smile or laugh, but it is necessary that you be pleasant to superiors or inferiors, to those who are friendly in return and to those who may be unfriendly. It matters not to you how others may or may not act, you carry the same sociability, the same good humor, and the same evenness of temperament to everyone.

There has been altogether too much said about doing a favor for someone, thinking of a nice return, or of being kind to someone, so that person will be kind to you; or of smiling because it begets a smile!

If your own life is happy, spread your good cheer by being nice to everybody.—*Annals of Our Lady of Lourdes*.

## AS OTHERS WILL SEE US

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Present day scientists like to talk about human beings who lived thousands of years ago. But did you ever ask yourself what people will think of our generation a thousand or so years from now?

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C. DUHART

**T**HIS little scene took place in the year 3200.

The Great Catastrophe of the 25th century had almost destroyed the human race. Human institutions had all been wiped from the face of the earth; the divine institution of the Catholic Church alone remained to form a link with the civilization which had been destroyed.

It was not a catastrophe of Nature, but a disaster wrought by the hands of men—a war which had lasted through fifty years and ended only with the absolute exhaustion of all the nations of the world—a war which had proved convincingly that men had progressed in nothing so rapidly as in perfecting means for killing their fellow men—a war which had witnessed the destruction of whole, great cities by forces exerted tremendous distances away—a war which had levelled all the storehouses of antiquity and of learning, which had buried the records of the past beneath heaps of debris—a war which had closed only when the last monster Frankenstein of war had been destroyed, and men in sheer exhaustion had reached out to one another the hand of peace.

The remnants of the human race made a pact, the object of which was the reconstruction of the earth and re-peopling of vast wastes of uninhabited regions. Children once more became the proudest possession of parents. Family integrity, family purity regained their rightful place of honor. Divorce and Birth Control became obsolete practices, and within two or three centuries man had forgotten the huge role they had once played in world affairs.

In the latter part of the 32nd century great archeological remains had been unearthed. People were coming into contact with the world which had been, before the Great Catastrophe. Only the greatest of scientists could hope to decipher the records which were brought to light. There were problems of language, problems of interpretation, problems of evaluating the worth of documents which were recovered.

A great store of such records, recovered in a part of the earth which



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had been known as the United States had come into possession of one of the greatest scientists of the day. Diligently through many years he had worked on these documents in an endeavor to discover some inkling as to the nature of the civilization which had died some seven centuries before. Finally he had summoned a group of his closest friends to hear the first results of his labors. They were gathered about his living room. He sat in the middle with great stacks of ancient documents piled up before him.

**"G**ENTLEMEN," he began, "there are many things which I have discovered from these records, but I wish to speak to you especially about a series of essays seemingly written shortly before the Great Disaster.

"The author is writing about a practice which he calls 'Birth Control,' and weighs its bearing upon what he himself terms 'the decaying civilization of the times.' He is deucedly logical — follows the order of cause and effect most clearly. But before I tell you what he has to say, I must warn you not to be deceived as I was almost deceived. The writer is clever, convincing, reports on what he represents as a practice of his day. But the whole thing is impossible. Such a thing could not have happened, and before I am finished you will agree with me. The summary of his articles amounts to this that people in the United States had reached such a stage of progress that they considered their race not worth the propagating. The whole thing is absurd on the face of it.

"The United States was apparently a country which might be termed 'the apple of God's eye,' in regard to material resources. In 1776, it declared its independence from Great Britain, and within 150 years had made such tremendous gains in population that men predicted for it a population of over 200,000,000 by the dawn of the 21st century. But according to this author, the disease of Birth Control, which he prefers to call 'Birth Prevention' began to make its presence felt. In 1939, the United States had a population of over 120,000,000 persons. But even in that year there was already a noticeable decrease in the number of school attendants from the number of the year previous. About 1950 or so, the population of the United States became stagnant. It soon grew into a nation of old people. Science had discovered means of staving off death for the space of a few years. Old people lived longer, but the young people were not being born into the world in



sufficient numbers to replace them when they did go. By the year 2000, the population was on the decline. The United States was a decaying nation with a cancer of selfishness which knew not sacrifice, and of impurity which spurned the law of God, eating out its very heart and vitals.

"Our author writes that in his own day the population of the United States had shrunk to a mere fraction of its former strength. Nor had it made up in quality for what it lacked in quantity, as the advocates of Birth Control had so blatantly prophesied. The social virtues which form the bases of every thriving civilization had become non-existent. Family life, deprived of that which had formerly been its cement and mortar, the presence of children in the home, had reached a new depth of depravity. Parents begot children only in so far as they saw that children would be an economic asset to them.

"**H**E GOES on to say that during the 20th century two gigantic World Fairs had been held in the United States at cities called Chicago and New York, World Fairs which had borne the proud and presumptuous titles of 'A Century of Progress' and 'The World of Tomorrow.' Both gloried in the boasted achievements of science — both suggested the unlimited possibilities which stretched out before the eager mind of man, ever conquering and ever seeking for new conquests. But both forgot to mention that while mankind was progressing in its victories over Nature, it was quite clearly receding in its evaluation of human life. 'The World of Tomorrow' spoke of further conquests of man on land, on sea, in the air; it complacently promised a fuller revelation of the deep secrets of Nature; it told of a life to come which would be more free from suffering, more full of pleasure and comfort. But it forgot to mention that the 'the world of tomorrow' would be a world divorcing itself ever more from the true notion of the value of human life and the value of the human soul — a world ever growing in its scientific wealth and ever dwindling in its human riches — a world which would one day be full of the inventions and achievements of human endeavor, but with no human mind and no human hand to use them.

"Gentlemen, all this I know sounds unreasonable to you. To my mind, it is simply impossible. How could any nation be so blind not to see the signs, and so deaf not to hear the rumblings of its decaying vitality? How could it busy itself so much about accidentals and be so

oblivious of the very fundamentals of individual and national life? That's why I cannot believe our auther of the 25th century when he writes such things.

"All this is bad enough, but listen to the arguments he puts into the mouths of the advocates of Birth Control. He says that they pretended to be fearful of an over-population in the United States, when everyone knew that the land, so manifestly blessed by God, had material resources sufficient for at least twice its peak population. When men spoke with alarm in the 20th century of the declining birth-rate, the omniscient Birth Controllers answered that the decline would continue until the true population level would be reached. Then by some magical process, persons who had enjoyed marriage privileges but shirked its responsibilities would be suddenly endowed with a social sense which would guide them in the generation of children according to the demands of the population statistics. People who had been taught that no law of God or of man prevented them from artificially hindering conception, would be told that there was some law of population statistics which must be followed in this matter.

"The economic argument for Birth Control was produced with many a flourish, and it was discovered after a great deal of propaganda along these lines that as a more or less general fact those best able to have large families had the smallest families.

"Appeal was made to parents that they had a duty to afford their child all the comforts of modern life — that if it were a question of one child with all of life's comforts, or four children with some of those comforts missing, and a few hardships mixed in, they must always prefer to shower all their love and all their resources upon one child. But they did not mention that no comforts can make up for the lack of brother and sister companions who make up the best environment for any child, an environment which is of infinitely more value than all the trinkets of a comfort-loving civilization, an environment which would train the character of the child much more beneficially than any possible artifical substitute, an environment which the child himself would have chosen if he were given the choice.

"Birth Controllers spoke further of the deficiencies of younger members of large families. All around them in the pages of history, and in the living reality before their eyes were numerous examples to give the lie to their words.

“**B**UT, gentlemen, our guide through life in the twentieth centuries asks even more of our credulity when he asks us to believe the reaction to all this business of Birth Control in the United States.

“He says that those who wished to follow the law of God in this matter, which did not demand as many children as possible, but did forbid the use of any positive or artificial means to prevent conception — were told that they had no right to have children because they were poor. They were told they might indulge their passion but they must not fulfill what they knew to be their duty. Birth Control propagandists, who were disseminating a poisonous doctrine which would disintegrate the whole nation, were held up as model patriots for their countrymen to admire and imitate.

“People spoke of the ravages of cancer and other raging diseases, but few thought of the cancer within the nation’s heart. Men thought of the next war, and how it would devastate the world, and leave ruin in its wake, but few there were who thought of the war of Birth Control so openly fanned into flames against the nation’s life.

“He says that the newspapers constantly inveighed against foreign enemies who might seek to invade American soil, but seldom or never mentioned the internal enemy which was already in operation in the United States, gnawing away at its very vitals.

“He remarks that on one occasion, one of the legislative bodies of the United States was known to have held a heated dispute on which state of the Union produced the best cheese — but its members were never known to have boasted of which State produced the most children. Any topic was important enough to engage the attention of the nation’s law-makers except the question of family integrity, of safeguards against a policy of Birth Prevention which was laying waste the nation.

“And all the while the people of the United States, looking over their ‘Century of Progress’ and their ‘The World of Tomorrow’ thumped their chests in pride and gloried in what a great people they had become. And all the while a deadly, creeping paralysis was encircling their heart and threatening to crush out their very life.

“These are the things this essayist of the 25th century offers to us for our belief. Why the man must have been carzy to expect future generations to believe such things of a civilization which prided itself on its progress and gloried in its achievements.”

# Catholic Anecdotes



## SELF SACRIFICE

When the Yellow Fever epidemic was at its height in Memphis some years ago, the Bishop of the diocese wrote to the Provincial of the Dominican fathers and asked him to send a man to the city to attend the sick and the dying. The Superior promised the bishop he would help him, but he did not wish to command or rather pass sentence of sure and speedy death on any of his brother priests, so he suggested that all should draw lots.

If our Lord himself was agonized at the approach of death, we can imagine that it was with tremulous hands, each slowly drew the straw which was to decide his mortal destiny. When all had drawn it was found that the oldest priest in the community held in his hand the fatal straw. Immediately the old priest made ready to go. But he was mistaken if he supposed for a moment that he would be allowed to go, for from the ranks of the young priests there stepped forward one of nature's noblemen, a priest by the name of Father J. Sheehy. He volunteered to take the old man's place. He took the train for Memphis that very evening and only a few days later lay dead, a martyr to self-sacrifice and charity.

Concerning this same awful plague of 1878 Father Quinn relates in his "Heroes and Heroines of Memphis," that on the morning the papers announced the plague, the people almost lost their minds. Men, women, children filled the streets, and in wagons, street cars and carriages, crowded and pushed on their way to the various railway depots and steamboat landings. In the short space of three days not less than thirty thousand people fled from the city of Memphis. . . .

On the other hand, on the very evening of the day that the papers announced the yellow fever epidemic in Memphis, every secular priest who could find conveyance to Nashville, the city of the Bishop, arrived there, and with the grandeur and heroism of martyrs entering the arena to be devoured by wild beasts, offered themselves unreservedly to the Bishop to be sent at his pleasure to the plague stricken city. Many lost their lives in consequence.

### HALF OFF FOR INGRATITUDE

A lady whose child had been operated on by the famous French surgeon, Velpeau, called on him when her child was well to express her gratitude and make recompense. She presented the surgeon with a beautiful pocketbook which she had embroidered with her own hands.

Velpeau received the testimonial rather surlily, saying that it was an exquisite pocketbook, but that his necessities demanded something more substantial in return for his services. "My fee," he said coldly, "is five thousand francs."

The lady took back the pocketbook, quietly opened it, took out ten one-thousand franc notes, counted out five and placed them in the surgeon's hand. The rest she replaced in the pocketbook, and putting it under her arm, she left the chagrined surgeon.

### CURE FOR THIEVES

In the life of Venerable Bishop Neumann of Philadelphia, it is related that the father of the Servant of God had on a certain occasion been warned that a poor man living in his neighborhood had been committing petty thefts at his expense. The elder Neumann would not believe the report at first, but finally the thief was caught in the act, and brought before his victim.

The father of Bishop Neumann addressed the man severely. "Do you not know," he said, "that God sees even our most hidden thoughts? How dare you, then, openly offend against the Almighty?"

The man began to weep, crying out through his tears. "Forgive me. I was driven to it by necessity."

"If you had mentioned your needs to me," came the answer, "I would gladly have relieved them. In the future, come to me whenever you are in want, but never resort to stealing again."

To seal the lesson, the good man gave the thief a considerable sum of money on the spot. Then he forbade those who were present ever to speak of the matter, that the man's reputation might suffer no further.



"It is impossible for us to recognize the blessing which Jesus has brought us without at the same time recognizing how much God has honored and enriched Mary, by having chosen her to be the Mother of His only Son."—*Calvin*.

# *Pointed Paragraphs*

## ANTI-TOTALITARIAN SAINT

On August 2, 243 years ago, St. Alphonsus Liguori was born. That is almost two and a half centuries ago, yet his life was spent in combating the same kind of totalitarianism in government that is one of the great scourges of today.

Early in life Alphonsus Liguori saw the need of a religious community dedicated primarily to imitation of the Redeemer and to work for the poor. A vision granted to a cloistered nun of just such a missionary society and of Alphonsus as its head spurred him to the task, and in 1732 he gathered with his first companions at Scala to inaugurate the work.

But it was an age of anti-clericalism in government, especially of jealous opposition to all religious orders and congregations. It was the very age in which the Jesuits were suppressed, and unjust laws made by many governments to hamper all religious orders in their work.

Alphonsus had to deal with the Catholic King of Naples and his ministers of State. Again and again, despite their so-called Catholicity, they tried to crush his work out of existence. He obtained approbation for his new institute, the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, from Pope Benedict XIV, but the King's government would not permit even the papal approbation to take effect, assuming the right to overrule the Pope even in a matter strictly pertaining to religion.

Finally the king took the Rule that had been approved by the Pope, changed everything in it that made the work of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer possible, and then not only approved it but tried to force the changed rule on Alphonsus and all his followers. That almost brought about the end of the great work that had begun.

But God always triumphs, and interfering secular rulers go down into oblivion when their little day is done. Only through painstaking research is it possible to ascertain a few details about the life of the King of Naples in the time of Alphonsus, and the names of his ministers. But in every country of the world, the name of Alphonsus Liguori is known and blessed and his Redemptorist sons number into the thousands.

Dictators should take note, and all who oppose the dictators should honor St. Alphonsus Liguori on August 2nd.

EYES THAT WILL NOT SEE

The city of Reno, some months ago, tried to prevent the erection of a Catholic church in its residential district by invoking an ordinance of the city passed just for that purpose. The Most Rev. Bishop Gorman immediately took the ordinance into court as unconstitutional, and the Supreme Court of Nevada finally ruled in his favor.

The incident has many angles of interest. It would be Reno, the city that has dedicated itself to the deadly task of destroying American homes, that would try to prevent the erection of a church among the homes of its citizens—lest, perhaps, they be reminded of Him who said “he that putteth away his wife and marrieth another is guilty of adultery.” Reno does not like the name “adultery” for divorce and remarriage, nor Him who still calls it that today.

Besides, what a falling off of business might possibly result from the presence of a church, with a spire pointing to God, if strangers coming for a quick divorce should have to gaze upon it day after day. It might cause some to think of the religion of their childhood, and of the faith that they gave up when first they decided that they might just as well give to their passions everything that they desired.

Yet Reno's action is only one of a kind with those of many other cities. There is one city we know that has silenced its church bells—because non-church goers could not stand being awakened on Sunday mornings by their golden peal, or being disturbed at noon by the sound of the Angelus, or being distracted from merry-making in the evening by the call to devotions. Who shall say that the disturbance of conscience was not more greatly disliked than the interruption of sleep or anything else?

Other cities have ruled against the locating of Catholic schools in residential districts, because “the children make too much noise at play.” It must indeed give a twinge to the conscience of those who systematically prevented any children from coming into their homes to hear the voices of several hundred children wafted to them on the breeze. We do not doubt that it made them want to shriek, when their smug quiet is thus disturbed by the most beautiful sound in the world.

So Reno is not unique. It is only typical of all who having turned their backs on God and shut their eyes against Him, do not want even reminders of Him rising before their eyes nor echoes of His voice urging in their ears. Life is hard enough when God is forgotten; it



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becomes unbearable when that forgetfulness is broken by the remembrance of "what might have been."

### TWICE TOLD TALE

Word comes from Washington D. C. that the House of Representatives has ordered an "investigation" of the National Labor Relations Board. To judge by the jubilation — not to say hysterics — with which some of the daily papers sang out this news, it might be thought that the N.L.R.B. is a monster of iniquity, and this "investigation" a new St. George risen up and all ready to slay the monster. The facts, however, as not infrequently happens in matters treated by the daily papers, are hardly such a to justify the excitement. The Labor Board in its short term of life has already undergone several very searching reviews, examinations, hearings, or investigations — and has emerged successfully from them all. It was predicted, for instance, that the Supreme Court in reviewing decisions of the Board would put an end to it at the very first encounter; but instead, it has upheld the Board with unparalleled consistency. At the opening of the present session of Congress, likewise, the newspapers gave us to understand that Congress would make short work of the N.L.R.B. by the sword of legislation; but the proposed legislation never got out of committee, and during the hearings in committee, if we are to believe the signs, some of the Congressmen who sat on the committee were actually converted by the evidence into defenders of the Board. It would seem that the N.L.R.B. when viewed with fair minded impartiality in its actual objectives and procedure, is not so terrible a monster after all. It appears as such only when viewed through the strange reflecting mirrors furnished by the National Association of Manufacturers and the United States Chamber of Commerce. In the light of actual fact it is an institution which squares in its general objectives with the prescriptions of the Catholic Social Encyclicals and the demands of natural justice, as well as in its procedure with the traditional American system of legal procedure. The present "investigation" is in the hands of a chairman who according to Congressman Norton never voted in favor of a labor bill in his life; this does not inspire much confidence in its impartiality, it is true, but still it is to be hoped that petty political jealousies will not offset the record of objective evidence. One thing is certain; the investigation is going to cost the American taxpayers one hundred thousand dollars, — the appropriation voted by



Congress. A high price to pay for a twice told tale, — an investigation of something that has been already investigated and approved several times over.

### SHOULD WOMEN WORK

Answer: No.

Immediately our ears are deafened by thundering cries of protest. Suffragettes of every clime and color rise before our eyes to shake masculine fists in our faces and call us unlady-like names. Immediately fragile females with no ties or bonds and with well thought out complexions fall upon us like a hailstorm and pound us vigorously on the chest.

We stop the onslaught by an explanation.

In general, we maintain, women should not be laboring at those jobs which are the primary possession of men. We still shudder at the sight of women driving taxi-cabs and digging ditches. We shudder because most women are not physically firm enough for such work. There may be exceptions here and there; but ordinarily feminine hands are not made for the tending of machinery and the running of locomotives.

Neither should married women work at jobs over and above the jobs that the establishment of any kind of a home gives rise to. It is only a fiction for a woman to say that she can have both her home and her career. The Sunday Supplements and magazine articles may tell us otherwise — of great wives and great business women all packed neatly in one package. But in real life, it is either the home or the job.

Neither should a woman work if there are men in her family working and obtaining a sufficient salary from their labor for the support of the family. By holding her job she is depriving a bread-winner of a job and thereby is responsible for the continued poverty in his family.

Outside of these exceptions we see nothing wrong in women working in those positions which are not too great a tax on their strength, and which she can do better perhaps than a man. Stenography and nursing are labors of this kind.

What is a mystery to us is — why do women consider themselves emancipated when they are allowed to stand side by side with men in helping to turn the wheels of industry? It is no fun to have to work. Perhaps men would be wiser if they turned the whole thing over to the women. Of course the world would soon come to an end in consequence. But women *want* to work. And it is very imprudent to cross a woman.

## THE ROCK OF CONTRADICTION

One of the most interesting studies in the world is that of the contradictory charges made against the Catholic faith. For every critic who accuses her of one kind of folly, you will find almost an equal number accusing her of just the opposite, a fact that in itself argues that there must be something wrong, not with the thing criticized, but with the criticizers.

A catalogue could be drawn up of these contradictory accusations. On the one hand, for example, Catholics are accused of being superstitious; of believing in mysterious powers and words and actions. On the other hand an equal number of critics say Catholics are too rational; they do not permit enough freedom to the spirit; they do not let the imagination soar enough among the hidden things of nature and God—in short, they are not superstitious enough.

On the one hand, it is said, Catholics are too other-worldly: they are concerned only with life after death and a kingdom beyond the stars. On the other hand, the accusation is constantly being made that Catholics are forever scheming to get control of governments and states; they are forever trying to build up an earthly kingdom.

On the one hand, Catholics are blamed for being too straight-laced in their morality, for example, when it comes to not compromising on the sixth commandment; they are ridiculed because they will not yield on serious issues like birth-prevention and abortion and divorce and other matters that concern the preservation of the very nature of man. Yet at the same time some will be found blasting Catholic Church because she is too lax—because she will not condemn all intoxicating drinks or all forms of gambling or even the smoking of cigarettes, things that in themselves cannot be called evil.

On the one hand, it is often hinted and as often said openly, Catholics are always trying to wheedle other people into becoming Catholics; they are seizing every opportunity to talk about their religion, making known its doctrines, luring others away from their own beliefs and practices. At the same time it is said that Catholics are a secretive lot; they don't want any one to know what they believe or what they do; they have very mysterious rites and ceremonies and woe to the man who tries to worm his way into the inner circle.

All this is but a proof that Catholics possess the truth that lies mid-

way between extremes. If they were actually extremists in any one point, no one would listen if someone accused them of going to the opposite extreme. But because they are in the middle, it requires only a little obscurity of vision or malice of will to accuse them now of one extreme and now of another. Where extremes thus meet and mingle is where truth is found.

### SICK CALL ETIQUETTE

All Catholics have the obligation of calling in the priest when one of the members of the family is taken with a serious illness. We cannot deprecate too strongly the unfortunate custom of waiting till the last moment before this duty is performed. If the sick person is unconscious when the Sacraments are administered, he will not receive all the good from them that otherwise he might.

What should be prepared in the home for the administration of the Sacraments? A list could be drawn up like this:

1. A table covered with a clean cloth.
2. A crucifix on the table.
3. Two blessed candles.
4. Holy Water.
5. A glass of water.
6. A spoon.

When the priest comes to the door, the one who meets him should not begin discussing worldly topics, but with a lighted candle in hand should rather genuflect (if the priest is carrying the Blessed Sacrament) and then lead him immediately to the sick room. After the priest hears the confession of the patient, all the members of the family should enter the room to be present at the administration of Viaticum and Extreme Unction. Of course they should join their prayers with the prayers of the Church said by the priest, that God's will might be done in regard to the sick person.

This is not only Church etiquette but it is the best way of winning God's blessings and help. Catholics who are indifferent and careless in regard to the rules laid down by the Church will eventually suffer from such indifference.



Keep your face always towards the sunshine, and the shadows will always fall behind you.

# +-----LIGUORIANA-----+

## EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

"Thou shalt not commit adultery."

St. Francis de Sales says that chastity is sullied by the bare

mention of it. Hence,  
**From:** let each person in his  
**Instructions** doubts on this sub-  
**for the People** ject take advice of  
 his confessor, and regulate his conduct according to the direction that he receives.

### MATTER OF CONFESSION

I will only observe here, in general, that it is necessary to confess not only all the acts, but also improper touches, all unchaste looks, all obscene words, especially when spoken with pleasure, or with danger of scandal to others. It is, moreover, necessary to confess all immodest thoughts.

Some ignorant persons imagine that they are bound only to confess impure actions: they must also confess all the bad thoughts to which they have consented. Human laws forbid only external acts, because men only see what is manifested externally; but God, who sees the heart, condemns every evil thought: *Man sees those things that appear; but the Lord beholdeth the heart.* This holds good for every species of bad thoughts to which the will consents. Indeed, whatever it is a sin to do, it is also a sin in the sight of God to desire.

### IMPURITY A GREAT EVIL

What! Do you say that it is a light sin? But it is a mortal sin: and if it is a mortal sin, one act of it, though it be only the consent to a wicked thought, is sufficient to send you to hell. *No fornicator . . . hath inheritance in the kingdom of*

*Jesus Christ and of God.* Is it a light sin? Even the pagans held impurity to be the worst of vices on account of the miserable effects that it produces. Seneca says: "Immodesty is the greatest evil of the world;" and Cicero writes: "There is no plague so fatal as bodily pleasure;" and (to come to the saints) St. Isidore says: "Run through all sins, you will find none equal to this crime."

In the lives of the ancient Fathers it is related that a hermit, who once by God's grace was walking with an angel, met with a dead dog that stank horribly, but the angel gave no sign of disgust at the smell that it exhaled. They afterwards met a young man elegantly dressed and highly perfumed; the angel stopped his nostrils. When the hermit asked him why he did so, he answered that the young man on account of the vice of impurity in which he indulged, sent forth a far more intolerable stench than the putrid dog that they had passed. Lyranus writes that impurity is an object of horror even to the devils: "Luxury is hateful to the devils themselves."

Nevertheless, as St. Thomas says, the devils delight in no sin so much as in those against chastity. The reason why the devil takes so much delight in this vice is that it is difficult for a person who indulges in it to be delivered from it. And why? First, because this vice blinds the sinner, and does not allow him to see the insult that he offers to God, nor the miserable state of damnation in which he lives and slumbers. The prophet

Osee says that sinners of this kind lose even the desire of returning to God. *They will not*, he says, *set their thoughts to return to their God*. And why? *For the spirit of fornication is in the midst of them*. Secondly, because this vice hardens the heart and makes it obstinate. Thirdly, the devil takes peculiar delight in this vice, because it is the source of a hundred other sins—of thefts, hatred, murder, perjury, detraction, etc. Do not, then, my dear Christians, ever say again that impurity is but a light sin.

You say: *But God bears with it and winks at it*. Does He, indeed? I tell you that God has chastised no vice so severely in men as the vice of impurity. Read the Scriptures and you will find that in punishment of this sin God sent fire from heaven and burnt five cities along with their inhabitants. In punishment of this vice he sent the universal deluge. *For all flesh has corrupted its way upon the earth*. Men were polluted with this sin; and God caused the rain to fall forty days and forty nights; thus all were destroyed, except eight persons who were saved in the ark.

We may see any day that God chastises the sin of impurity even in this life. Enter into the hospital of incurables, and ask why so many miserable young persons of both sexes are obliged to submit to the most painful operations, to the knife and the branding-iron, and you will be told that it is on account of sins of impurity. *Because thou hast forgotten Me*, said the Lord, *and cast Me off behind thy back, bear thou also thy wickedness and thy fornication*. Because you have forgotten Me, and ban-

ished Me from you, in order to gratify the flesh, suffer, even on this earth, the chastisement of your impurities.

Hitherto I have only spoken of the temporal punishments inflicted in this life on impure persons. But what shall become of them in the next? You say that God bears with this sin; but St. Remigius says that not many Christian adults are saved, and that the rest are damned for sins of impurity. Father Segneri says that three fourths of the reprobate are damned for this vice.

St. Gregory relates that a nobleman committed a sin against purity. In the beginning he felt great remorse of conscience; but instead of going to confession immediately, he deferred it from day to day, until, disregarding his sin, and the voice of God, which called him to repentance, he was suddenly struck dead without giving any sign of conversion. After he was buried a flame was seen issuing from his grave for three successive days, which reduced to ashes not only the flesh and bones of the unhappy man, but also the whole sepulchre.

Only keep trying, and you are doing very well; keep trying, and some day you will reach the goal.

God is ready to give Himself entirely to a soul that leaves everything for His love.

The only way to become a Saint is the way of suffering.

By means of aridity and temptations God tests out His lovers.

In the warfare against the flesh, cowards are the victors, by flying the occasion.

# Book Reviews

## PHILOSOPHY

*Cosmology.* By Paul J. Glenn, Ph.D., S.T.D. Published by Herder. 338 pages. Price, \$2.25.

The book is the tenth and last in Glenn's well known series of textbooks in philosophy, and is similar in style and treatment to its predecessors. It aims at presenting the elements of cosmology to undergraduates in a clear and orderly, but simple fashion. The printing is very well done; and the arrangement in general orderly and clear. Little summaries at the beginning and end of the various divisions are valuable helps to clearness. The treatment is solid enough, though at times it tends to be superficial. The language is clear and fairly exact, and the illustrations are usually well chosen.

Adversely, I would note, besides the superficiality mentioned above, and which it would be very difficult to escape in a book which aims at being simple rather than complete or thorough, that to my mind not enough attention is given to the discoveries of modern science, or enough explanation of what is known of the micro-structure of bodies. I do not like his order in the treatment of Hylo-morphism. He goes into the complete explanation of the nature of matter and form, before he gives the proof or substantial change. I think the true pedagogical order is thus reversed, since it is difficult to get any true idea of what is meant by matter and form until you understand that they are introduced primarily to explain substantial change. Moreover, a very unfortunate error was made in referring to Stephen Alexander (1806-1883) as the proponent of space-time, instead of to Samuel Alexander who published "Space, Time and Deity" in 1920. (Cf. P. 112.) — H. O'C.

*By Post to Rome.* By T. J. Sheridan, S.J. Published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. Pp. 128. Price \$1.35.

My humble thanks to the author and the publishers for having brought out this really delightful book. We Americans who are accustomed to buying everything from a pack of needles to a completely furnished house by mail, might

*Books reviewed here may be ordered through The Liguorian. These comments represent the honest opinion of the reviewers, with neither criticism nor deserving praise withheld.*

have called this book "A Mail-Order Conversion."

Daggett senior writes a series of letters, charming and delightful letters, to Bart in Hong Kong. The

father, a convert to the Catholic Faith, discusses things Catholic with his son. But more than that — we are introduced through these letters to various members of the family, even to a bit of romance between Bart and Phyllis (who "says such horribly true things"). And these letters — there are seventeen — so intimate, so manly and genuine are anything but preachy.

If you want to enjoy some good reading, and profitable too, take up "By Post to Rome" which appeared originally in *The Rock*, published in Hong Kong, China. — M. S. B.

*G. K. Chesterton's Evangel.* By Sister Marie Virginia, S.N.D. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. 245 pages. Price, \$1.75 net.

To those who admire Chesterton and his works this book will prove both interesting and useful. For in its pages are to be found a summary and an analysis of many of G. K.'s writings. But this is merely incidental; the real burden of the book is to show that Chesterton was a saint, and that what he wrote is but an echo and a reflection of the sublime teaching of our divine Savior. In particular the book calls attention to the most prominent virtue of the famous English author: his humility — the secret of his holiness.

If poetry is always difficult to interpret, Chesterton's, because of its wealth of connotation, is especially so. That is why the second part of this book in which Sister Marie Virginia gives a descriptive analysis of G. K.'s poetry is worthy of special commendation and will surely be a great aid towards a true appreciation of Chesterton the poet. Despite the somewhat tiresome and monotonous style of the book (after all, Chesterton himself has a reputation for monotony), lovers of G. K. will thoroughly enjoy it. — R. S. S.

*How to Pray at All Times.* By St.

Alphonsus. A new translation by Rev. T. A. Murphy, C.Ss.R. 56 pp. Price, six cents, including postage. Dublin, Catholic Truth Society of Ireland. Fourth edition, thirty-fifth thousand.

In less than ten years, this new version of St. Alphonsus' little masterpiece (only one of many other versions) has gone through four editions, and thirty thousand copies have been sold. This may be taken as sufficient recommendation of the appeal of the booklet, and the value of its message. It is to be hoped that American Catholics will become as interested in it and as well acquainted with it as have their brethren in Ireland. — R. J. M.

*The Happy Life.* By Aurelius Augustinus. Translated and Annotated by Ludwig Schopp, Ph.D. Herder. \$1.50. Pp. v-152.

This is St. Augustine's "De Beata Vita," written shortly after his conversion. It consists of a report of conversations held by himself with his mother, his son, and some of his friends, on the subject of the meaning of a truly happy life. Like all of St. Augustine's work, it is not light reading, but thought provoking and compelling to anyone who follows it carefully. Doctor Schopp has done a good piece of work in the translation itself, which is not too literal, and in the introduction—consisting of forty pages; the placing of the Latin text facing each English page is also welcome to those who would like to consult the original. There are numerous interesting notes and a careful index.

*Looking on Jesus: Simple Reflections on the Sunday Gospels.* By Paul L. Blakely, S.J. Published by The America Press, New York. 116 pages. Price,

Readers of *America* are familiar with Father Blakely's articles in that national weekly paper. With his trenchant pen he has written on education, sociology, economics and law. I always admired his work even when not agreeing with him. It is always virile, always sincere, always well-informed.

Here we see him in another field—but still the same characteristics are recognizable. He gives us a meditation book that will appeal to priest and people—and, I think, ought to be recommended to people who, striving for a more perfect life in the midst of their daily occupations, seek some help. The reflections are short—each one two pages. But they are akin to the thought-ways of today.

They are not startlingly new—but each presents some few simple thoughts that can help one on in the spiritual life in imitation of the Divine Master. — A. T. Z.

*Pictures and Profits from the Mass.* By Rev. Gualbert Brunsman, O.S.B. Paper cover, 45 pages. Price, 15 cents in quantities; 20 cents postpaid.

*Pictures and Profits from the Mass.* Pupil's Chart Book. Unpagged. Price, 8 cents in quantities; 10 cents postpaid. A Teacher's Key to the questions contained in the work book accompanies it.

We are certainly glad to see the many efforts made not only to simplify the teaching of our Faith but also to adopt whatever of modern methods of visualizing can be pressed into service. Above all, the efforts to fit our teaching into daily life is very praiseworthy.

But there is an inconsistency it seems to me in the present work. The text, in vocabulary and idea is adapted to somewhat advanced pupils—the coloring of the charts for lower grade pupils. Nor do the charts always clarify the text. However, the text contains many happy ideas.

In the introduction the author bids us "remember that (as any weather prophet knows) a storm does not come out of a clear sky, but is foreboded by a red sunset." In the Gospels Our Lord tells His hearers the opposite: a red sunset is a sign of a clear day. — A. T. Z.

#### PAMPHLETS

*Pondering in Our Hearts.* Series II. By Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J. Published by The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. 48 pages and cover. Price, 10c.

A set of thirty-five outlines, or sketches of brief practical meditations. Could easily be read and pondered in a street-car or bus; easily slipped into a purse, or into a desk drawer for handy reference.

— M. S. B.

*God's Man of Affairs.* By Herbert G. Kramer, S.M. Published by The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. 45 pages and cover. Price, 10c.

Meet Father Peter Canisius, S.J., the first German Jesuit. Quite a busy man he was. Though he had to deal with kings and princes and popes, he found time to teach the children their catechism, to relieve the poor, to write books, to build a college, to organize sodalities—and did not neglect his own sanctification. An interesting brief biography of St. Peter Canisius, S.J.





Dizzy Dean is "popping off" again. Nobody seems to know why "the great one" breaks out in a rash of enigmatic statements from time to time—statements that have to be interpreted and explained and talked away afterwards. Some say it is a mere desire for publicity; others maintain that Dizzy actually does get himself into "jams" that have to be purged away with such afterthoughts as: "I didn't mean it in that way." An example is the episode in the New York hotel. Did Mrs. Dean throw a lamp at her high-priced husband in the late hours of the night or did the famous pitcher merely scratch his arm in reaching for a telephone? In trying to set the public right in the matter Dizzy only made the confusion more confused. So it has been in all his journalistic and radio excursions. Whatever the reason for these periodic splurges of words and more words, the whole business is foolish and inane. No man with self-respect carries on in that way. Perhaps Dizzy is not entirely to blame. The papers said that when he returned to Chicago from New York after the hotel incident, five hundred people were at the station to welcome him. Were the five hundred people there to see a curio as they might go to a museum to see the carcass of a sperm whale, or were the five hundred people only thwarted Dizzy Deans who approved of the trivia that is ever falling from the pitcher's lips in broken English, and who would carry on in the same way were they in Dizzy's place?



But the Governor of Michigan is no better than Dizzy Dean in this regard. His "popping off" during the past few weeks established a new precedent for foolishness and simplicity in high places. Some excuse can be found for the ball player whose profession after all is only baseball. But there is little excuse for the governor in spite of his evident piety and sincerity. He may be a good minister, but he is certainly a funny governor. Just because he saw a few innocuous cocktails at a state banquet in New York, he had to announce to the world at large in macabre tones that "the hellish brink" was just around the corner. He could almost smell the smoke; certainly he could see the devils popping out of the wine glasses and with "hellish beckonings" gathering all the innocent little girls who were present into their burning arms. The trouble was, the governor was the only one who could smell the smoke, the only one who could see the devils. It is quite certain that if there were devils present, they did not jump out of cocktails, nor were they lurking in the shadows merely because there were cocktails on the tables. It is unfortunate to have a man of such puerile ideas occupying the gubernatorial chair in one of our large States. There is enough disrespect for authority already amongst young and old without giving people another opportunity of laughing at law and order. People in Michigan, in fact all over the country, are given such an opportunity from the outcries of Mr. Dickinson.



It seems that the reports are true after all that the New York World Fair is not the magnificent success that everybody, particularly the sponsors and the vendors hoped it would be. Within the past couple of weeks prices have come down on several fronts, and promise is given that they will come down on other



## THE LIGURIAN

fronts before the summer is over. Any port in a storm seems to be the motto—the port in this particular storm being a lower parking fee, a lower entrance fee, a diminished staff of workers. For some time the outlook of Mr. Whalen and his minions was very optimistic. Of course the crowds were small at the beginning, but that was to be expected. But when the crowds continued to be far below par, the officials became frightened. Then began the arguments in the council. Some held out for a continued high standard of prices come what might. Others argued for a general let down. The latter won. What is the explanation for the country's indifference to the "World of Tomorrow?" Perhaps the people are "fed up" on the garishness, the venality, the crass materialism of World Fairs. Speed, material progress, the findings of Science are not things calculated to raise men to higher and happier things; they cannot dry the tears of sorrow or give any answer to the problem of pain. And yet speed, material progress, and the findings of Science form the basis of the exhibit on Flushing Plains. These things can be found in any city of the country. New York doesn't have to be visited to see them. That may be the reason for the empty midways and the groans of Mr. Whalen. The New York Fair is incapable of giving men what they really want.

⊙

The latest reports from Germany have it that if the people of that benighted country are not more careful about what they eat and the amount they eat, over-eating will be considered a crime against the State and therefore punishable after the fashion of treason. It is strange what men can do when they are given a little power; stranger still what they can do when they are given much power. Gone now will be the age old Sunday dinner when the table groans with viands and good things, and when no one is allowed to leave his place until he has prepared himself by close attention to his appetite for a snooze in his favorite chair in the sitting room. When eating is considered treason, then we can expect almost anything; then we are prepared to believe the reports that have been coming out of the newspaper offices during the past few months concerning the Nazi persecutions. Soon there won't be anybody left but Hitler and his minions, and they in turn will pass away for want of someone to persecute.

⊙

The lay retreat movement is growing in the United States. It is expected that over two thousand Catholic men from the Middle West will assemble at Notre Dame University this summer for the purpose of making a retreat. Almost every large city in the country has its monasteries and its convents where retreats are conducted. It is a safe statement to make that insofar as this movement grows and gathers power, our country will be saved from the disintegrating influences of indifference and worldiness that are to be found so abundantly on all sides. A retreat is unique and different from all other religious exercises in this that not only are sermons preached for the benefit of the retreatants but ample time is given for meditation and serious thought. The distractions of daily work and recreation are put aside for a few days and thoughts of the soul, of eternity, and of God take their place. Such thoughts insofar as they reclaim the individual cannot help but reclaim society too. Thus we cannot urge too strongly that those who are in a position to do so, should seek out the place in their community where the exercises are held and sign up for one of the retreats. It may seem difficult at first, but once they have completed a retreat, they will never miss again.

# *L u c i d   I n t e r v a l s*

The old lady was very much afraid of passing her destination. Leaning forward she poked the street care conductor in the ribs with her umbrella.

"Is that the First National Bank, my good man?"

"No, ma'am," replied the conductor hastily, "that's me."

\*

O, give me grace to catch a fish,

So large that even I

In talking of it afterwards

May never need to lie.

A question I would ask you

And a truthful answer wish,

Are all fisherman liars

Or do only liars fish?

\*

*Since a question has been asked,*

*And the truth is what you wish—*

*All men are liars,*

*And some of them fish.*

\*

A man eating dinner in a hash joint found that he could not possibly cut his steak, no matter how he jabbed at it. He said to the waiter at last, "You'll have to take this steak back and get me another piece. I can't even begin to cut it."

"Sorry sir," replied the waiter, examining the steak closely, "I can't take this back now. You've bent it."

\*

Civics Teacher: Can anyone give me a sample of indirect tax?

Pupil: The dog tax.

Teacher: Why is that an indirect tax?

Pupil: Because the dog doesn't pay it.

\*

Prof—Didn't you have a brother in this class last year?

Stude—No, sir, it was I. I'm taking it over.

Prof—Extraordinary resemblance.

\*

Teacher: "If Los Angeles is 2,000 miles from here, Dallas 1,000 miles, and New York 500 miles, how old am I?"

Pupil: "Forty-four years."

Teacher: "How did you arrive at that conclusion?"

Pupil: "My brother is 22 years old and he's a half-wit."

Frosh: "Transfer, please."

Conductor: "Where to?"

Frosh: "Can't tell you. It's a surprise party."

\*

The train roared past the station. Above the noise the station agent heard a yell. Rushing out to the platform he saw a man sprawled out alongside the tracks. A little girl was standing by.

"Did he try to catch the train?" asked the agent.

"He did catch it," she replied, "but it got away from him."

\*

Little Willie is so distressed, he got a pair of pink P-jams and a military hair brush for Christmas and now he doesn't know whether to go to West Point or Harvard.

\*

Husband got placed two weeks ago—now in museum.

\*

Woman says husband dead—unable to work.

\*

A Mississippi River steamboat was stopped in the mouth of a tributary stream, owing to the dense fog. An inquisitive passenger inquired of the captain the cause of the delay.

"Can't see up the river," was his laconic reply.

"But I can see the stars overhead," the passenger replied sharply.

"Yes," came back the captain, "but unless the boilers bust, we ain't going that way."

\*

When a man sets out to do a good deed, he should remember the story of the autoist, on a very hot day, who was driving along a treeless road and saw a toad gasping for breath.

"Poor thing!" said the motorist, and he stopped his machine, picked up the toad and placed it very carefully in the shade of the auto.

Then he drove on.

\*

Director: I understand you had a long talk with Mr. Goldberg, the producer.

Monte: I'll say! When I left he could hardly lift his arms.

## THE MISSION ANNUITY PLAN

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\* \* \*

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\* \* \*

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# Motion Picture Guide

**THE PLEDGE:** *I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime or criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.*

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

## *Reviewed This Week*

Mickey the Kid  
They Asked For It  
Second Fiddle  
Wyoming Outlaw  
*Previously Reviewed*  
Across the Plains  
Adventures of the Masked Phantom  
Blondie Meets the Boss  
Blue Montana Skies  
Boy Friend  
Bulldog Drummond's Bride  
Captain Fury  
Challenge, The  
Chasing Danger  
Code of the Secret Police  
Dodge City  
Down the Wyoming Trail  
East Side of Heaven  
Family Next Door, The  
Fixer Dugan  
Flaming Lead  
Flying Irishman  
Frontier Pony Express  
Feud of the Plains  
Girl from Mexico  
Goodbye, Mr. Chips  
Gracie Allen Murder Case  
Grand Jury Secrets  
Hardys Ride High, The

Heritage of the Desert

Hero for a Day  
Housemaster  
Ice Follies of 1939, The  
In Old Callente  
Inside Information  
Jones Family in Hollywood, The  
Juarez  
Kid from Texas  
Land of Liberty  
Law Comes to Texas  
Let Freedom Ring  
Lone Star Pioneers  
Mexicali Rose  
Mikado, The  
Mountain Rhythm  
Mr. Moto in Danger Island  
Mutiny on the Blackhawk  
Mystery of Mr. Wong, The  
Mystery Plane  
My Wife's Relatives  
Nancy Drew, Trouble Shooter  
Navy Secrets  
Night Riders, The  
North of the Yukon  
Panama Patrol  
Racketeers of the Range  
Renegade Trail, The  
Return of the Cisco Kid  
Romance of the Redwoods  
Rookie Cop, The  
Rough Riders Round-Up  
Saint in London

Singing Cow Girl  
Six Gun Rhythm  
Smoky Trails  
Some Like It Hot  
Songs and Saddles  
Sorority House  
Southward Ho!  
Spoilers of the Range  
Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The  
Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, The  
Streets of New York  
Stunt Pilot  
Susannah of the Mounties  
Tarzan Finds a Son  
Tell No Tales  
Texan Wild Cats  
Three Smart Girls Grow Up  
Three Texas Steers  
Timber Stampede  
Trapped in the Sky  
Trigger Fingers  
Trigger Smith  
Union Pacific  
Western Caravan  
What a Life  
Winner Take All  
Wolf Call  
Young Mr. Lincoln  
Zenobia

